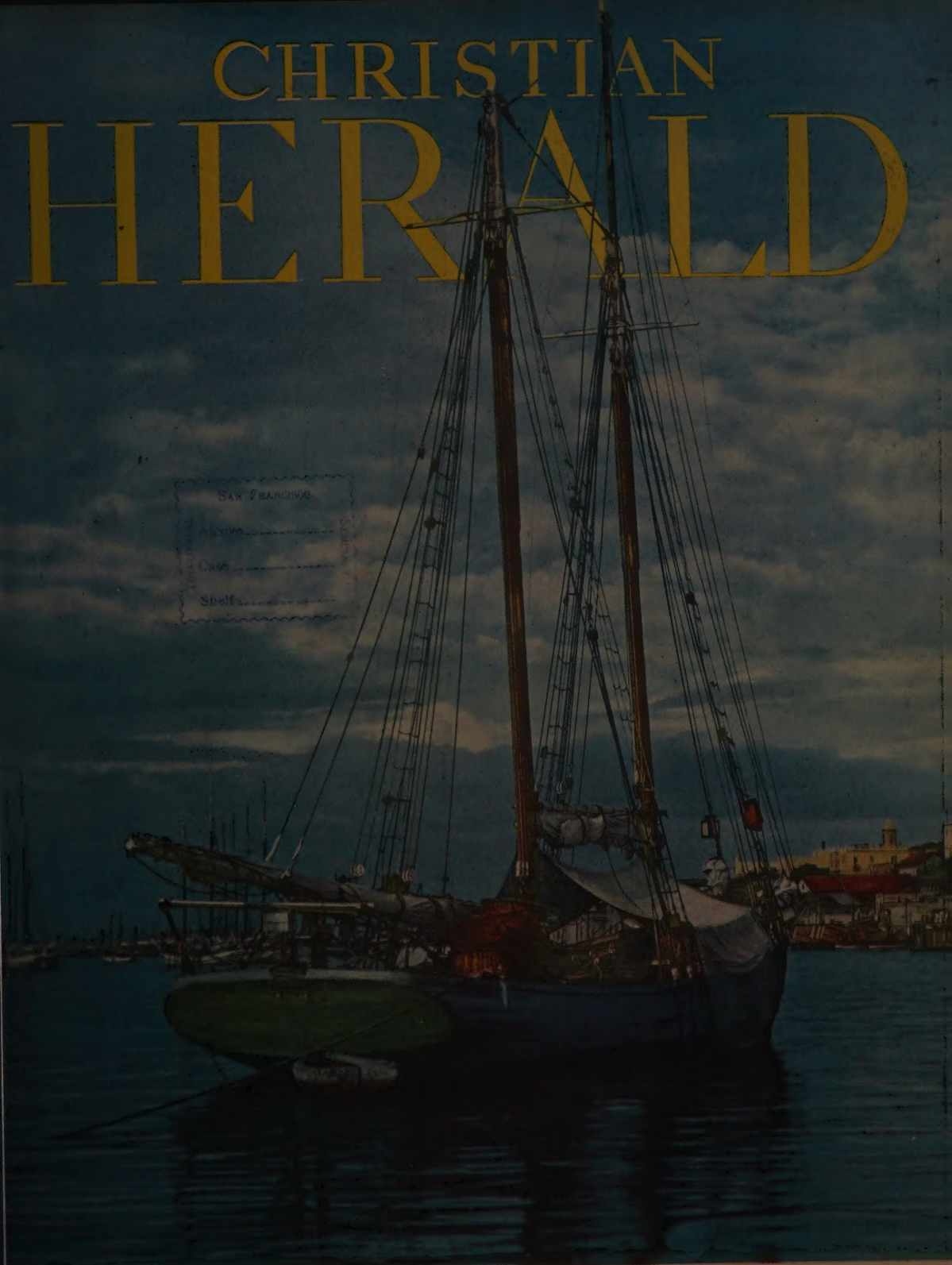
CHRISTIAN HERALD



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JUNE 1940 ★ TWENTY FIVE CENTS

WHO WILL BE OUR NEXT PRESID

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From The Alte Pinakothek, Munich

FOUR APOSTLES

ALBRECHT DÜRER • ARTIST

1471-1528—German School

WHEN DÜRER was in Italy, the old chronicler, Vasari, wrote him down in the following comment: "It is indeed certain that if Albrecht Dürer, so highly endowed, so assiduous, and so varied in his powers, had been a native of Tuscany; had been in position to study the treasures of Rome, as we have done, he would have been the best painter in Italy, as he is the most renowned among the Germans." Dürer was not stung by the condescension; but his own pictures, compared with the easy flow of the Italian rhythms, appeared to him as somewhat graceless and rigid, and he undertook to paint in the Southern style. His results were not unworthy, but they were inferior to his models, and he was too big a man not to acknowledge the discrepancy. Taking his patriotism in both hands, he returned to Nuremberg, having written to a friend, "How I shall freeze at home, longing for the sunshine of Venice!"

Dürer's genius lay in his departure from classic conventions, in his realization of the supreme importance of ordinary human experience in the making of an original art. A Lutheran, he had attempted, in Italy, to depict the Christian faith in a foreign language, in symbolical forms evolved by the Catholic painters. In his last picture, summing up the knowledge of a lifetime, he painted his Four Apostles, the crowning achievement of Germanic art, and the greatest Protestant picture in the world. The two panels were not commissioned, they were presented to the city of Nuremberg "as a warning," the artist wrote, "against evil and falsehood, and an eternal admonition to truth, uprightness, sincerity and Christian love." Later, they were stolen by Maximilian of Bavaria and taken to Munich.

Dürer's intention was not to rival the Italian masters. The picture was painted in humility and superhuman gravity as an expression of his Christianity and his devotion to the Protestant cause. One of the panels represents John and Peter, the other Paul and Mark; figures conceived and executed in the great style, but a Northern style, with Dürer's human characterizations raised to monumental simplicity and grandeur, figures which would not shrink in stature if put beside the Prophets of the Sistine Chapel. It was this work that Goethe had in mind when he wrote: "In truth and nobility, and even in beauty and grace, Dürer, if one really knows him, is equaled only by the greatest of the Italian masters."

NUMBER ONE

With this issue, *Christian Herald* starts a series of reproductions of the world's greatest religious paintings. Many of them will be by the old Italian Masters, such as Giotto, Fra Angelico, Raphael and Botticelli. All of them are valuable beyond price. Accompanying each reproduction will be a description of the painting and something about the artist, by Thomas Craven, noted art critic.

We are able to present this feature to *Christian Herald* readers through an arrangement with Simon & Schuster, Publishers of "The Treasury of Art Masterpieces."

The Best in RADIO

Selected Programs on June Airwaves

(All Time Is Eastern Daylight Saving Time)

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

8:00 A.M. News of Europe. International news broadcasts—CBS.
9:15 A.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer—RED.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—BLUE.
1:15 P.M. Between the Bookends. Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. Light of the World. Biblical dramas—RED.
5:30 P.M. Ireene Wicker. Musical stories for children—BLUE.
6:05 P.M. Edwin C. Hill. Human side of the news—CBS.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas. News commentator—BLUE.
6:45 P.M. The World Today. International news—CBS.

SUNDAYS

9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Negro spirituals and devotional talk—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Services conducted by representatives of major faiths—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Highlights of the Bible. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—RED.
10:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals and devotional talk—BLUE.
11:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Progress in music education among high school students—RED.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra—BLUE.
12:00 noon Story of All of Us. History of the world dramatized for children—RED.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle. World-famous choir offers religious music—CBS.
12:30 P.M. On Your Job. Vocational guidance program—RED.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Pilgrimage of Poetry. Honoring American poets—BLUE.
1:30 P.M. Democracy in Action. Workings of American government—CBS.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions. Noted educators discuss current problems—RED.
3:00 P.M. Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Howard Barlow conducting—CBS.
3:15 P.M. Foreign Policy Association program. Discussion of foreign affairs—Blue.
4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers. Dr. Paul Scherer—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. Invitation to Learning. Series designed to stimulate reading of great books—CBS.
4:30 P.M. World Is Yours. Dramatizations under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
6:00 P.M. Fun In Print. A literary quiz—CBS.
7:00 P.M. News of the World, from London, Paris, Berlin and Washington—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Fisk Jubilee Choir—BLUE
8:30 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatization of family life—RED.
9:00 P.M. Ford Summer Hour. Orchestra conducted by Leith Stevens—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. Haenschen concert orchestra—RED.
10:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Experimental radio drama—CBS.
11:00 P.M. Headlines and By-lines. News by CBS headliners—CBS.

MONDAYS

12:30 P.M. The Riddle of Life. Dr. Ralph S. Meadowcroft—RED.
2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Discussion of outstanding authors—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Directed by Joe Emerson—RED.
4:00 P.M. Columbia Lecture Hall. Outstanding personalities discuss important subjects—CBS.
7:15 P.M. Youth in the Toils. Juvenile crime problems—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks, symphonic orchestra—RED.
8:55 P.M. Elmer Davis analyzes the news—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Gallant American Women. Contributions made by women to culture of America—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented program. Orchestral music and soloists—RED.
10:30 P.M. Columbia Concert Orchestra—CBS.
11:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

TUESDAYS

11:30 A.M. Richard Kent, Traveling Cook. Recipes from foreign lands—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Women in A Changing World. Edith Lowry—RED.
1:15 P.M. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Informal chats to women—RED.
1:30 P.M. Nature Sketches. Informal wayside chats on natural wonders—RED.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
4:15 P.M. Of Men and Books. Review of current books—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Designed to stump the experts—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatizations of history of the country—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs. People in the news discussing current problems—CBS.

WEDNESDAYS

12:30 P.M. Devotional program. Speaker and organ music—RED.
2:00 P.M. Music For Young Listeners. Music appreciation series—BLUE
4:00 P.M. Columbia Lecture Hall—CBS.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Radio Magic. Dr. Orestes H. Caldwell interprets scientific radio phenomena for the layman—BLUE.
11:15 P.M. Public Affairs Weekly. Discussions on the American scene—RED.

THURSDAYS

12:15 P.M. Southernaires—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Devotional program. Dr. Alvin Magary—RED.
1:15 P.M. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Informal chats to women—RED.
2:00 P.M. How Do You Know. General science program—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
4:15 P.M. Adventures in Science. Watson Davis interviews prominent scientists—CBS.
4:30 P.M. Medicine in the News. Dramatizations of latest discoveries in medical science—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.

FRIDAYS

12:30 P.M. At Home in the World. Dr. Leslie Bates Moss—RED.
7:30 P.M. Yesterday's Children. Favorite stories of childhood dramatized—BLUE
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manners, soprano—RED.
8:55 P.M. Elmer Davis analyzes the news—CBS.
9:30 P.M. This Amazing America. Quiz program on the country—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.
10:45 P.M. Human Nature in Action. Dr. Harry D. Lasswell—RED.

SATURDAYS

10:45 A.M. Bright Idea Club. Instructive ideas for children—RED.
11.05 A.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music—CBS.
12:00 noon American Educational Forum. Discussing educational techniques—BLUE.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Weekly service to the nation philatelists—RED.
1:15 P.M. Highways to Health. New York Academy of Medicine with Dr. Iago Galdston in charge, arranged instructive medical talks—CBS.
2:00 P.M. I Am An American. Series devoted to democratic way of life—RED.
4:00 P.M. Bull Session. Students' round table discussions—CBS.
5:30 P.M. The Human Adventure. Dramatizations of research being done by the universities of the world—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Art of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—RED.
5:30 P.M. Renfrew of the Mounted. Tales of the Canadian "mounties" for children—BLUE
7:00 P.M. People's Platform. Discussion of current problems by average citizens—CBS.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

SCORES of broadcasts will come from America's battlegrounds—the Republican National Convention this month in Philadelphia and the Democratic National Convention next month in Chicago. The three major networks, NBC, CBS and MBS, already have made arrangements to broadcast keynote addresses, on-the-scene reports, and bulletins of the progress of the balloting. In addition, NBC for the first time will televise a Presidential Convention, the Republican conclave in Philadelphia. Numerous microphones will be set up in both convention halls to bring every phase of the important proceedings as delegates vote for their Presidential nominees.

LISTENERS should not be scared away by the pedantic title of the stimulating new series "Invitation to Learning." Devoted to the great books which are basic to world culture, the programs present each week a group of outstanding men and women who exchange opinions on the significance of great works of literature. (Sundays, 4:30 p.m., EDST, CBS)

FIRST woman to occupy a radio pulpit, Edith E. Lowry, secretary of the Council of Women for Home Missions, will return to the air this month in a second series of her devotional program, "Women In a Changing World." Dr. Paul Scherer and Dr. Alvin Magary, both Presbyterian pastors, also will begin new series in June, marking, for Dr. Magary, his debut as a radio preacher.

UNDER the title, "I'm An American," the privileges, responsibilities and possibilities of life in a democracy are explored in a weekly series of broadcasts being presented by NBC in cooperation with the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the U. S. Department of Labor. Distinguished naturalized Americans, such as Hendrik Willem Van Loon, appear as guests on the programs. (Saturdays, 2:00 p.m. EDST, NBC-Red.)

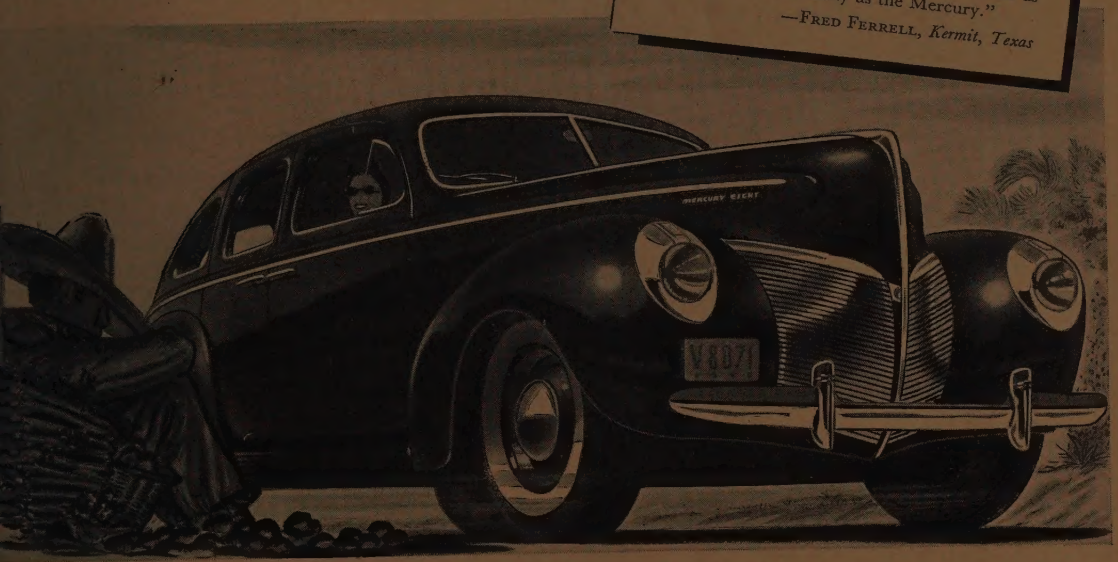
How these Mercury owners get around!

u won't be the first to feel the wanderlust when a big, eager rcury 8 belongs to you. This is the car that's made travel a t-class temptation. And Mercury owners give in happily—ı'll meet them criss-crossing the continent, from Mexico City Montreal—and bursting to tell the good news about this great w kind of car. Take a look at these enthusiastic travel notes m the Mercury's recent fan-mail:

5900 MILES OF THE WEST!

"Texas to Los Angeles to Seattle and back through Denver was our vacation in my Mercury 8. 5905 miles in 18 days, with five people and 400 lbs. of luggage! Our gasoline average was 20 miles per gallon. We never spent a penny on repairs, nor added water or oil except at 2000-mile changes. I have never driven a car of any price that would take you over the road as quickly, easily and safely as the Mercury."

—Fred Ferrell, *Kermit, Texas*



20 STATES AND CANADA!

"Our trip covered 8000 miles. One-third of this was mountain driving. We crossed the desert at 110°, but the Mercury never boiled. Our straight driving speed was above average, but we made 20.6 miles per gallon of gas for the trip! Going 'the Mercury Way' added more pleasures to the trip than I have ever experienced in any other car."

—George E. Wedekind, *Zion, Ill.*

WOMEN WITHOUT MEN!

"Batavia to Key West and return in 12 days is my Mercury record. We did both coasts of Florida and crossed the state several times. We had no men with us (didn't think we'd need 'em with a new Mercury). I did all the driving—no one was ever tired—and we got 19.2 miles per gallon of gas! Do I like my new Mercury? What do you think?"

—Mrs. Aimee Everest Baker, *Batavia, N. Y.*

SOUTH OF THE BORDER!

"On a three-week trip to Mexico, we cruised at 70 miles an hour or higher. Our gas mileage was just short of 17 miles per gallon—including poor-grade gas for part of the trip. The car required absolutely no oil. I was very pleased with the car's comfort and roadability, especially on the return trip, when we did 2245 miles in 5 days!"

—Howard F. Haines, *Columbus, Ohio*

How about a Mercury 8 for *your* vacation? A big, powerful car that's child's play to handle—you can drive it for hours on end and not be tired, thanks to extraordinary riding comfort and a quiet, smooth-gaited way of cruising. An unusually roomy car—wide body lines give you room to stretch and shift. And an efficient V-8 engine so perfectly balanced with the car's weight that gas mileage is almost unbelievable. Ask a dealer to lend you a Mercury 8 for an hour—and see if it doesn't put ideas into your head!

Visit the new Ford Expositions at the two Fairs, New York and San Francisco, 1940

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Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLIN

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIO

THE DIVORCE EVIL

What do you think about modern divorce? Is this evil growing or is it an evil? One of my dearest friends has just been divorced. Two children are involved and I think it tragic.

WHAT I think of modern divorce could not possibly be put into a single statement. A distinguished social expert has referred to modern divorce as "progressive adultery." Even the courts in some states are compelled by the laws of the state to become partners to what is, I think, an increasing social debacle. Some columnists and some journalists are conscienceless in their approach to divorce. They capitalize on the holiest relationship of life to make a scoop, to forecast another home tragedy.

First, there should be uniform divorce laws. Here the Federal Government should give leadership. But laws are not enough. Church and school as well as the home must educate and, beyond education, must render youth a good example.

THE LOOTING OF CHINA

Do you know anything in particular that justifies you in saying Japan has destroyed or looted missionary property in China?

THE University of Shanghai was evacuated on August 13, 1937, when fighting between Chinese and Japanese soldiers broke out on the edges of the campus. The Japanese moved in and occupied the buildings of the university as a military base. The United States Government protested the occupation, but the Japanese did not move out until July, 1939.

In the meantime, President Liu of the university had been assassinated.

The condition of the university buildings when the Japanese left them was described by the *New York Herald Tribune* on November 12, 1939, as follows: "The University of Shanghai thoroughly and systematically looted the Japanese military forces during period of occupation. Scientific a ratus of great value disappeared as as office safes weighing thousand pounds, with their contents. No pensation for their loss was ever gested."

This is one incident—but it is one. There are others, appalling in number and degree.

THE COCKTAIL HABIT

Have you any scientific, authorit data as to the physical effect of cons social drinking which is, I think, ste increasing? I do not refer to drunker —I mean the cocktail habit particul

IN answering this question, I so counsel from the most distingui New York specialist in the fiel tropical diseases and colitis. I wish I could place the reply in the hand every interested person. So impr have I been by it that I have asked gentleman to put the material int article for one of the medical jou for which he writes—or, better sti allow me to use it as popular artic *Christian Herald*. (Article will a in an early issue.—Ed.)

This medical man and scientist the opinion that there is a definit lation between constant social dri and the increased number of fessional and business men who sufferers from digestive disorders from acute heart trouble.

ARE WHITE LIES JUSTIFIABL

Do you think that a woman— man, for that matter—is ever justifi not giving his exact age? May white lie be permissible in special tions?

HERE is a good place for me t member the text, "Judge not

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New Y

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Notify us immediately of any change of address, as it requires a month for a change to become effective. . . . Entered as Class Matter January 25, 1909 at Post Office at New York, N.Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at rate of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, embodied in paragraph 4, Section 538, Postal Laws and tions and authorized on September 13, 1928. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa,

OUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

e be not judged"! I have never told a hite lie about my own age. But that oes not answer this particular question. Let your conscience be your guide," ets closer to the answer.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT PUBLICATIONS

Can you give me a comparison between Protestant and Catholic publications as o their circulation?

I HAVE no detailed information. I do know that four Catholic weeklies of New York, Cleveland and St. Louis, had combined circulation of 403,000 in 922. Today these papers have a circulation of 420,000, or an increase of 17,000. n the last few years, many Catholic ublications have been started, weeklies nd dailies. It is said that one out of very two Catholics receives a church aper.

Protestant publications have shown a isquieting loss in circulation during the ast decade. Six major papers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with a irculation of 250,000, eighteen years go, report 220,000, or a loss of twelve er cent, in 1939. The *Christian Advocate* of the Methodist Church, South, ith five other church publications, ropped from 77,000 to 65,000 in the ame period. Religious publications in Boston show a loss of thirty-eight per ent. In the last twenty years, a dozen nportant religious journals have gone ut of business.

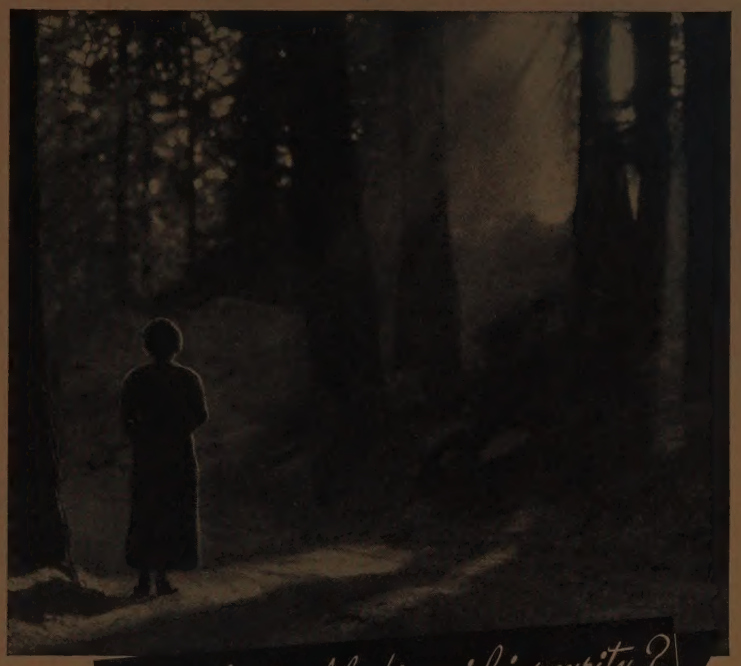
Christian Herald is a particularly right spot in this dark field. Our irculation has moved from 171,016 in 922 to 260,566 in January 1940—an ncrease of 89,550, or 52%. This is an udited, *paid* circulation.

For the figures dealing with publications other than *Christian Herald*, I am ndebted to the *Intelligencer-Leader*, fficial organ of the Reformed Church in merica. This publication has gone from ,000 to 16,300 in three years, a gain of 33 per cent.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
UNE, 1940 Vol. 63, No. 6

ublished monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, . Y., by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . aniel A. Poling; Vice President . . . J. Paul Maynard; reasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.

As you face life's sunset . . .



Are you threatened by financial insecurity?

YOU FACE OLD AGE WITHOUT FEAR

WHEN YOU ARE PROTECTED BY ANNUITY AGREEMENTS of the AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

Let us tell you how you may have . . . Security in Old Age . . . Freedom from Worry . . . a Steady Income . . . Permanent Satisfaction . . . through the annuity plan of the American Bible Society.

For nearly ninety years the Society's checks have always been sent when due . . . helping to bring security in spite of disturbing and perplexing world conditions. A check every six months! That would mean much to you!

In addition there is the fine satisfaction of sharing in the work of making the Bible more widely available throughout the world.

The booklet "A Gift That Lives" explains the plan and tells you how you may help both yourself and a worthy cause.

AN INCOME ASSURED

—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY—

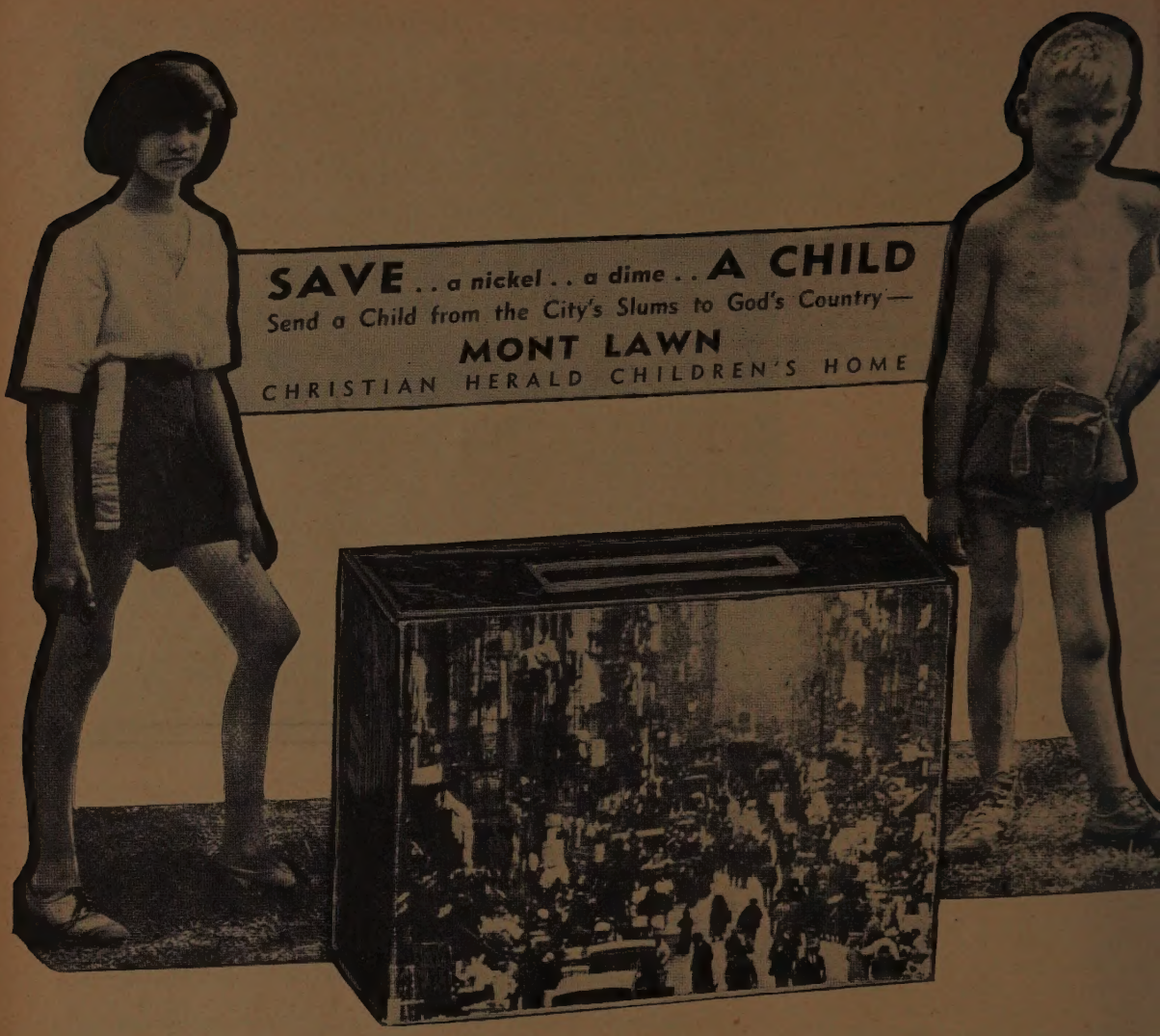
AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, Bible House, New York

Please send me, without obligation, your booklet CH-42 entitled "A Gift That Lives."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *Denomination*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



Save a Nickel—A Dime—A Child

SEND for one of these banks to help little children grow to be more wholesome men and women: *the children who put the money in the bank as well as the children who will receive the money.*

To allow children to grow without knowing something of the suffering and want of other children is to allow them to grow in selfishness—to cheat them of their rightful share in understanding and charity. The child who makes sacrifice so that he can give to the poor has awakened to the fact that others need his protection and help—he knows his own good fortune and the joy of sharing it. Born and living in an atmosphere of ignorance, crime and brutality, the children of the slums know little but the horrors of life; their unclean homes offer no encouragement to cleanliness but invite disease and bad habits. Only through the interest and understanding of Christian men and women can we hope to let these unfortunate children know that there is a better way of living.

What finer thing can we do than train th children of our Sunday Schools, our Vac tion Bible Classes and our homes to mak sacrifice so that they can help the childre of the slums; encourage them to do wit out some little luxury, such as candy or toy so that some poor, sick child can hav a vacation from hunger and unhappines

Open the bank in July and again in Augus Mail check or money order so that we ca make immediate plans to send another chil to Mont Lawn. Make the bank serve again

Help your children to know th happiness of helping others.

Christian Herald Children's Home
419 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send a bank to help the children save to give a vacation to slum children.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(These banks cost us about ten cents each to deliver, including packing and postage—if you feel that you would like to pay for yours, we would be glad to have you do so.)

$5 pays for a week's vacation for a child.

$10 pays for 2 weeks' vacation for a child.

$50 keeps a child at Mont Lawn all summer.

$500 endows a cot *forever* thereby insuring a vacation for 5 children every summer.

NEWS DIGEST of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

ABROAD

DARK HOUR: On the night of August 3, in 1914, Lord Grey stood at a chancellery window in London; over his shoulder he said, "The lights are going out now, all over Europe, not to be rekindled in our generation." Yet even that night was bright compared with a series of nights last month, when news came in from Norway that gave Britain her darkest hour in half a century. The blackout of British pessimism is complete.

Letting them down as gently as possible, Premier Chamberlain told Commons that the Allied forces south of Trondheim had been withdrawn. What this really means is that the Germans have won the race for control of south and central Norway, and now hold the upper hand from Oslo to Namsos (Namsos lies some 100 miles north of Trondheim). It has been Blitzkrieg with a vengeance; a series of lightning dashes over the bewildering terrain of Norway, supported by aircraft, has given Germany a quick victory.

As we write the Allies hold a precarious foothold at Narvik. Down the coast from Narvik to Namsos, this summer, they must find a way to land troops and fight on, if fight on they care to.

But Norway was crowded off the front page and almost forgotten when the far more startling news came that Hitler had suddenly invaded Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg. As we write, a battle of gigantic proportions is raging in Belgium. It is too early for us to make any worth-while comment. Next month we will attempt to outline the situation—which, in all frankness, is dark enough. It is the world's darkest hour since Crucifixion night.

SCOOP: Far and away the outstanding scoop in the war news to date are the dispatches of white-haired Leland Stowe of Chicago *Daily News*, who let the journalistic and militaristic cat out of the bag by telling the world the bitter news of two battalions of raw British troops "dumped into Norway's deep snows and quagmires of April slush . . . to fight crack German regulars . . . and to face the most destructive modern weapons . . ." Subsequent events seem to prove Stowe was right. The Germans got the jump. The No. One problem of the Allies seems to have been to reinforce whatever troops they could land with aircraft and heavy artillery. Good landing fields along the Norwegian coast are hard to find, hard to keep in the face of devastating German air raids. Lacking that protection from the skies, the Allies had to withdraw to avoid annihilation.

WHITE PAPER: The German White Paper, read by Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop to the entire Berlin diplomatic corps, was greeted, naturally, with cheers and jeers. "Rib" took thirty minutes to prove to the Germans and the world that Britain actually had plans laid for the invasion of Norway before the Germans got around to doing a little invading of their own.

Ribbentrop may be sincere about it, but on the face of it, it looks like an act—a comedy act, at that. The world can't very well forget that the first ship sunk by the British off Norway was a German transport, loaded to the rails with expeditionary Nazis. It can't overlook the fact that Germany *got there first.*

And any man who knows anything of peace-time plans for war knows that every country in Europe has plans in its military archives for the invasion of every other country in Europe. If the War Department at Washington doesn't have a plan of invasion for Mexico and Canada, there is certainly something wrong. That's been going on ever since Cain laid his plans against Abel.

AIR VS. SEA: One great issue will be settled in this war, for the benefit of the nervous neutrals: the question of the supremacy of aeroplane over battleship, or vice versa. This means a great deal to the future of war. To date, both plane and ship have been giving good accounts of themselves, with the navy holding a slight advantage.

Planes won the day in Norway for Germany, but it is one thing to win and another to hold your victory. If Germany is to hold her fruits of war she must find a way to break that British blockade on the sea. Few ships indeed manage to get through to Germany with the supplies they are crying for; merchant convoys come and go to Britain, and the *Queen Mary* and the *Mauretania* and the *Normandie* sail the seas boldly after having advertised for the benefit of the Germans that they are sailing, and nothing happens. Tonnage of British and even neutral ships sunk by the German sea-arm has gone steadily down and not up. Thirty-four per cent of the German mercantile fleet is bottled up in neutral ports (309 ships, 1,530,000 tons).

The German fleet itself has suffered heavily; some claim that from one-third to one-quarter of it already lies on the bottom. This is bad for the Nazis, when we remember that the sea communications between the bases in Germany and the force in Norway must be maintained at all costs. If the British can break up those communications, the Germans in Norway will be in a sad spot.

So sure of the supremacy of sea power over air power is England that she has five brand-new major 35,000-ton ships of the King George V class ready to go down the ways. They are glorified battle cruisers—and England needs ships of the cruiser class, badly.

ROME: There is probably no man alive who knows what Benito Mussolini is going to do—except Benito Mussolini, and he isn't saying. But actions are speaking louder than words in Rome right now. An ardent pro-Nazi has been sent to Berlin as new representative of Il Duce; assurances have been given U. S. Ambassador Phillips that Italy plans no sudden entry into war, but almost the next minute England ordered her shipping out of the Mediterranean and sent skippers around the Cape of Good Hope with their cargoes for the East, avoiding the Mediterranean. That means something. It costs more to sail the 15,128 miles around the Cape than to go by the Gibraltar route, which measures a scant 2,000 miles.

England has called Mussolini's bluff; now he can either "put up or shut up," as the slangsters have it. He knows how dangerous it will be for Italy if Germany

THEY'RE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME

wins this fracas without Italian help; he also knows that the British can shut him in by simply closing Gibraltar and Suez. Yet, overland, the Italians can become a nuisance. The British and French may not hold the armies of Italy in very high regard (we know of no country in Europe that does!) but they know that the airmen of Il Duce could lay all too many eggs of death before they could be stopped.

Italy might be of less use to Germany as a belligerent than as a neutral. In the war, she would be compelled to use her materials for her own fighting, and her ports would be closed to neutral shipping. That would do Hitler no good. We still believe that Italy will think twice, perhaps thrice, before throwing in with the Nazis. A crowd of Italians at a Roman cinema last week cheered a movie in which the Allies were winning a skirmish against the Germans, and it took some lively hustling by the Nazi militia to shut them up!

If Italy does march, she will probably march into Yugoslavia. There still rankles a certain amount of resentment in the Italian bosom over the failure of the victors at Versailles to give her the Dalmatian Coast—which, truth be told, she had definitely been promised.

CHINA: Some few of us may recall that there is a war going on in China, though it has been squeezed off the front page by the little affair in Europe. Chiang Kai-shek has just announced the capture of Kaifeng in Honan—no, the recapture of Kaifeng—together with the slaying of ninety-seven Japanese officers and 1800 troops of the line. We were cheering over that until we read just nine hours later that the Japanese had recaptured the recaptured Kaifeng and killed 150 Chinese. It just goes on and on. . . .

Most startling development of the month in the Far East came not from China, but from Washington, Tokyo and the Dutch East Indies. Tokyo smiles, bows, says it has no designs on the Indies; Secretary of State Hull, tongue in cheek, tells Japan bluntly that she'd better *not* have any designs in that direction; the U. S. would view it with alarm and perhaps with something even more forcible.

That Japan could use the Indies to good advantage is an open secret. There is oil there, and plenty of it. The Indies would be hard to defend; the Dutch navy is inconsequent, the British have their hands full elsewhere, and the U. S. has no desire to be dragged into the world war by way of the back door. Long has it been gossiped in the State Departments that the Pacific is the concern of the U. S. Long has the U. S. dodged that responsibility, diplomatically. But if a real showdown should come, it is hard to see how the U. S. could honorably back down short of sending the fleet. We are probably a lot closer to war in the Pacific than in Europe.

SWEDEN: We can't leave the war news of the month without a word on Sweden. What will happen to Stockholm? That depends on what happens in Norway, but in any event the Germans will go slow in Sweden. King Gustaf has an army of 885,000 men, the best-trained in Europe; a slim 500-plane air force, a 43-vessel Navy, a famed and highly efficient Bofors munitions plant that turns out the world's best anti-aircraft guns.

Sweden wants to stay neutral, naturally. But against that, there are long and strong cultural and commercial ties with Germany, a fear of Russia, a tremendous network of Nazi sympathizers (a well organized "fifth column") working day and night all over the country. By and large the Swede prefers death to slavery and he will fight—but only if he has to. If fight he does, he has the advantage of having watched closely the ins and outs of modern war in neighboring Norway and that should help.

AT HOME

WASHINGTON: While Herr von Ribbentrop was reading his German White Paper in Berlin, an American White Paper was being given its last touches in Washington. Produced by journalists Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner and now available in book form, the Paper gives the "inside" on Washington's reaction and technique in re Europe. It discloses among other things: 1, that the American State Department long, long ago foresaw what was going to come in Europe and laid its plans accordingly; and, 2, it repeats again the President's words "Whatever happens, we won't send troops abroad."

The authors, however, look upon this executive statement with a philosophical eye: "Should they (the Allies) be on the eve of defeat, the square question would be presented, whether to aid them by methods no longer short of war, using them as our outlying defense posts; or whether to let them be beaten, treble our navy, radically alter our economic system, and meet the ultimate issue between us and the dictatorships bent on dominating the world." For, they suggest, while the President has vowed to send no American troops to Europe, he has said nothing—yet—about sending the Navy and the Air Force.

The President may mention all this on his tour this month. He announced at a press conference recently that the trip would deal with conservation. "Conservation," asked a reporter, "of what?" The President laughed. The trip is smart Roosevelt strategy: it will compete for public interest with the Republican convention in Philadelphia. Quite likely, on that trip, he will say something about keeping the country out of war; perhaps even something about not swapping horses in the stream's middle; some few things about the foreign policy—and the Roosevelt policy. He isn't taking the trip for his health.

CANDIDATES: Bogging down are the stop-Roosevelt and stop-Dewey drives. Mr. Hull is saying he does not choose to run; Mr. Farley is finding cold water dashed on his vice-Presidential aspirations. Growing stronger is Willkie, whose

campaign will be spurred by the efforts of the editor of *Fortune*, who has just resigned to help do the job, against Mr. Willkie's advice.

Mr. Willkie says plainly he has no "illusions" about being elected President. The public-utilities tag is on him, and the editor of a magazine like *Fortune* will not be able to wipe out of the public's mind the fact that he *is* "utilities." We'd guess that Dewey will outrun Willkie, or that a dark horse will come from nowhere and leave them both at the post.

Meanwhile, political predicters are telling us that nothing can stop Roosevelt if he wants the nomination. They don't say about his election. . . . Well, this time in November, we'll know!

RACKETS: In case Mr. Dewey doesn't get to the White House, he still has some little work waiting for him as racketeer-smasher in his own Little Old New York. Just the other day he phoned from Los Angeles to tell his detectives to pick up one George Scalise, aged 44, olive-skinned, dangerous. The D. A.'s men found the elusive Mr. Scalise in a mid-town hotel with two stuffed suitcases waiting for the bellboy in his room and a railroad ticket for Chicago in his pocket.

Scalise has been the powerful executive of the Building Service Employees International Union, and as such has made the hotel and office building employes and employers quake in their boots since his appointment in 1936. He also controls a $427,000-a-year union income. He also has twice asked for a pardon on a white-slave charge and conviction in 1913. Held now in $40,000 bail, Dewey's office charges he has extorted, with some help, nearly $100,000 from hotels and office building companies with threats of terrorism.

This is of something more than local interest. Coming on the heels of the Bioff case, it makes us wonder just why it is that men with such records as these two can get into such positions of power while so many men of A-1 character and ability can't even get a $20-a-week job.

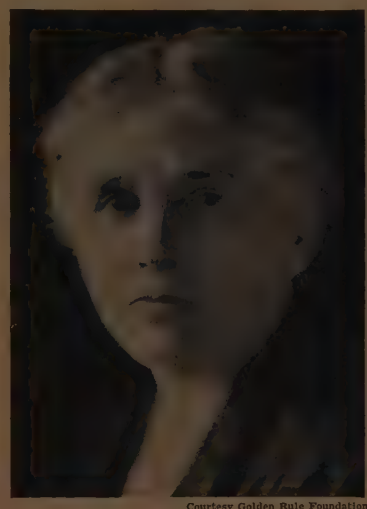
MARTIN, OUT: Youthful Homer Martin, studying for the Baptist ministry at William Jewell College, years ago, was thought "likely to succeed" as a pastor. When he quit an industrial pastorate to enter Labor, he was called "a comer," also highly likely to succeed. He became head of the United Automobile Workers, and as such you have read of his activities in this column for many months.

But now that the U. A. W. has split into two factions—one loyal to A. F. of L. and the other definitely C. I. O.—ex-preacher Martin is not so likely to succeed. As a matter of record, since he failed to win a vote of confidence in forty-eight General Motors plants, he has been steadily *not* succeeding—and the other day he resigned. He was very tired, he said; he was going into business. Business will be his third attempt to succeed.

Labor loses a fighter in Homer Martin. Question: can business use a man with his ideas? Small business, perhaps—but big business?

DIRT IN DETROIT: Judge Homer Ferguson of Detroit studied for medicine, dentistry, school-teaching and then he took up law. This month he took up the legal aspects of a situation that will keep Detroit in the headlines for months to come. He's uncovered dirt in Detroit.

He started some time back by uncovering a million-dollar conspiracy among city officials, cops and gamblers operating a baseball pool; among those accused was Wayne County's prosecutor, Duncan McCrea. Twenty-four hours later



Courtesy Golden Rule Foundation

MRS. EDITH GRAHAM MAYO, OF ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA, WIDOW OF DR. CHARLES H. MAYO, THE FAMOUS SURGEON, AND MOTHER OF EIGHT CHILDREN, WHO HAS BEEN SELECTED BY THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION AS AMERICAN MOTHER OF 1940

the soft-spoken judge added more to the dirt pile: he displayed a picture of gambling houses, red light houses running with official cooperation; one official co-operator was Mr. McCrea. And this month's news tells of another load of dirt: a conspiracy to protect and even operate policy houses (there was a $10,000,000 policy-business profit in Detroit last year and for the last ten years!). The judge's net this time caught 151: ten police lieutenants, thirty-four sergeants, twenty-seven patrolmen, six detectives, one John Roxborough (co-manager of Joe Louis) and—Mr. McCrea.

Says Mr. McCrea, "I'll be in there sluggin' in the people's interest!"

SMOKE, ART: St. Louis is in a double dither, over smoke and smutty art. For seventy-five years the town has been bothered with "smog," a combination of smoke and fog. The smoke came from the St. Louis furnaces burning soft coal from Illinois. An ordinance was passed making it compulsory either to burn smokeless fuel or to install furnaces that would burn soft stuff smokelessly. Now miners in Illinois swear they will clamp a boycott on the merchants of St. Louis, who sell them some fifty million dollars worth of products a year. Both Illinois and St. Louis are worried sick about it.

The art row arose over the erection of a sculpture group seventeen miles from town—out on the spot where the Mississippi and the Missouri meet. Nineteen huge nudes were carved by Carl Milles (student of Rodin) to depict a male Mississippi pursuing a female Missouri, complete with attendants and children.

One St. Louis art expert calls them "Nordic Monsters." Some others say even that is a compliment. One man wants to call it "Wedding in a Nudist Colony." All they need to complete the job, says another, is to bring that monstrous "Adam" to town.

We haven't seen them, but we have seen photographs. We're no artist nor yet art critic, yet we wonder where on earth any artist ever saw men, women or children who looked like these. When we compare them with the amazingly true sculptures of the early Greeks, we wonder whether art has kept up with civilization. Do they still teach Greek art in the art schools?

EXPENSES: The United States Senate, at the start of the current sitting of Congress, set up a five-man committee, backed with an appropriation of $30,000, to watch the expenditures of the year's Presidential, Senatorial and convention-delegate political campaigns. That committee has just announced that it is getting up steam in five states at once: in West Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska.

Most of this money will be spent on Senatorial investigations. In Missouri, West Virginia and Maryland there are senatorial contests. In Kansas there is a row over the selection of delegates to the Republican National Convention. In Nebraska, however, the thing assumes national proportions, for here the rivals of the Dewey movement hope to find material with which to discredit the New Yorker's candidacy. The committee that fought for Vandenberg—and lost—has filed an expense statement of $17,000, and anti-Dewey Nebraskans allege that Dewey's expenses *so far* have been at least $50,000.

It may be a case of rumor following rumor, but the country welcomes a Senate check on election expenses. We never could understand why it was that Senator Truman H. Newberry, who defeated Ford in 1918, spent $195,000 to get himself elected.

STASSEN: Just after the chairman's gavel falls for the first time and the roll is called, the Republican National Conven-

tion in Philadelphia this month will listen to the Keynote Speech for 1940. He who will give that speech, we think, was selected first because he makes a good speech and second (probably) because he is the only Republican in the house who doesn't want to run for President. He can't run. Governor "Red" Stassen of Minnesota is only thirty-three, and you have to be 35. . . .

He has packed a lot of accomplishment into his thirty-three years. Born on a farm, he worked his way through the University of Minnesota as clerk, "grease boy" in a bakery, sleeping-car conductor on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, contracted tuberculosis and got over it, ran for Governor of the state in 1938 and made it—the youngest man in such a position in the country.

Faced by labor troubles in his state, Stassen got a law passed which required a "cooling-off" period before a strike or lockout can be called. Since he did that, there has not been a single serious industrial strike in Minnesota. He has cut down government expenses, but the old-line politicians out there don't just like him. They say he hasn't taken care of party henchmen in need of jobs.

He has a job on his hands at Philadelphia, and perhaps he is just the man to do it. He is young, with an appeal to the bothersome Young Republican group. And he has a way of settling disputes and smoothing out strikes—which, in view of the rumors of discord in the party, may also come in handy.

CHURCH NEWS

LUTHERANS: Christendom's heart aches for the Lutherans. Accustomed as they are to trouble, they have double trouble with things going as they are in Lutheran Scandinavia. Up to six hundred thousand people in Finland alone have become refugees, and the toll of crushed churches will not be known for months to come. Add to this Norway, and the picture turns even blacker.

True to form, American Lutherans are doing their best. We read one morning of a Sunday set aside by the Norwegian Lutheran Church in America as a day of special prayer and intercession "that in freedom and in peace the people of Norway may again live their lives." And then we read of the raising of that $500,000 fund for Finnish relief. The fund is not yet complete, and probably will not be until the end of June or even later, but if we know the Lutheran spirit, the fund will be raised—and there will be Lutheranism in Scandinavia long after Hitler has left this human stage. There is a virility in this Communion that is deathless.

Dr. Walton H. Greever, secretary of the United Lutheran Church in America, reports a gain for 1939 of 22,242 confirmed members, a gain of 14,285 baptized members and a gain—mark this!—of fifteen per cent in students preparing for the ministry!

On Sunday June 23rd, an intersynodical Lutheran Youth Rally will be held at the World's Fair Temple of Religion, in New York. All in all, in such times as these, the Lutherans seem to be more than holding their own

NEW PARTY: Perennially young and optimistic, Roger Babson of the Congregational-Christian Church is at it again: he pops up in the press as the leader of a new (?) Prohibition Party.

Optimistic, Mr. Babson talks of a new political group which will be "a union of church people and others who stand first for righteousness" and who will prohibit "not only liquor, but all evil, all striving in the wrong direction." That takes in quite a lot of territory, but whether he works it out or not it is a step in the right direction. The Augean stables of our two major political parties could certainly stand a little housecleaning; that they are guilty of "entangling alliances," as Mr. Babson charges, no wise man can doubt.

But that a third party can accomplish that cleaning is open to some doubt. Many political wiseacres pin their hopes on getting into the major groups, who will do the cleaning from within; they feel that no third group can muster the strength to be of any great effect. Many a humble John Q. Voter will feel that he must cast what strength he has, not with another party that has little chance of winning, but toward nominating and electing bigger and better men in the bigger if not better parties. And many another disgusted voter will hail Babson's idea with a fervent "Thank God."

Editorially, we don't take sides with any political party; but editorially we can't see how any man can set himself against Mr. Babson's desire to fight, with his new weapon, "the liquor traffic, harmful narcotics, commercialized gambling, indecent publications. . ." More power to him.

EPISCOPALIANS: It seems only yesterday that the pacifist was a ridiculous minority, and it seems impossible that nine out of ten of the Protestant denominations in this country are today going far out of their way to offer protection to this pacifist, in case the war comes to America. But that is happening; if and when Mars gets hold of us, he will find a far better organized objector group in the Land of the Free than he found in 1917.

The movement has accelerated in the Protestant Episcopal Church during the last few months. Bishop Lawrence of Western Massachusetts, national chairman of the Episcopal Pacifist Fellowship, announces steady gains in membership; with a Bishop leading, we can hardly "laugh it off", however we agree or disagree with the pacifist. And the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church now announces a thoroughgoing plan for the registration of Episcopalian objectors by the church. All that is required is evidence of baptized or confirmed membership, and their reasons for conscientious objection. That isn't laughed off, either; it's official.

Increasingly, churchmen in America must face this problem. With the bloodbath raging as it is in Europe, with neutrality suffering and vanishing over there, it is more and more apparent that this country's entry into the awful business is not so impossible as it was six months ago. We must think now in order to be ready then, if and when. . . And we must lay aside prejudice and face the hard facts.

WARNING: A bulletin statement has just been issued by the Federal Council that should be tacked up on every bulletin board in every church in the United States. Looking forward to the political conventions and the Presidential campaign, the Council gets in an appropriately early word against the injection of religious issues into the campaign. Says the bulletin:

"Religion must not be used to discredit our opponents. God is not a member of any political party; indeed, He is not an American. He is within issues, but first within the issue of the brotherhood of all mankind."

That's a churchy Blitzkrieg; it is the first blow in what should be a clean fight. We oldsters who remember the whispering slander and nauseating bickering of the Hoover-Smith campaign will be anxious to see this argument waged on a higher level. There are, of course, some issues involved in every campaign that are not so much political as moral—temperance and prohibition, for instance—and upon which we *must* speak. But even those issues can be fought out in the American way, and in the open. We have a chance to set an example to the dirty politics of Europe in 1940; God forgive us if we miss it.

CROWDS: We stood on a street corner in St. Petersburg, Florida, one Sunday morning not so long ago, with a friend who hadn't been in church for fifteen years. We watched the churchgoing crowds coming from all directions in this most churchgoing city in America and my friend, usually never lost for a word, was so nonplussed that all he could say was "Gosh!"

We almost repeated him when we read this week of the tremendous crowds attending First Avenue Methodist Church. From November to May, year in and year out. Not one but three services are required to hold the crowds every Sunday morning; at 9:15, 10:30 and 11:45 the auditorium is packed—and that auditorium holds twelve hundred people. And frequently two more services are

cessary at night to get in those who re locked out in the morning!
Read it, cynic, and change your tune. eople *do* go to church.

METHODISTS: The Methodist Church holding its *first* General Conference is month in Atlantic City. Problems nging from Hitler, Vatican ambassa-rs and religious education to the use tobacco by Methodist ministers will thoroughly discussed. They haven't t been discussed as we write, so we nnot report on them. But we can port on the declaration of the Bishops the Church read by Bishop McConnell. et it. It is one of the epic documents the hour.
In it, fifty-nine Methodist Bishops lled for a determined stand against e forces seeking to involve America in ar; it asked for not only an emotional terest in religion, but for more in-rmed preaching; it pleaded for the nscientious objector and also for those ho just as conscientiously "respond to a tion's call for arms;" it refuses to derstand that the religious education children can suffice until "by changing dults, we constitute the kind of world which religious and socially-minded ild life can develop." It was definitely ti-alcohol, anti-anti-Semitic, and anti-atican appointment.
Most conference declarations get no-here, but this one has teeth in it. atch that General Conference debate t it, but the issues it raises!
At this point, it is likely that major scussions will arise at Atlantic City er Negro jurisdiction (still a sore spot the united Church), the realignment the Methodist press, women ministers, d the chaplaincy issue. The divorce estion has been talked over and tabled; change here in the stand of the ethodist.
One point strikes us as important: the ophecies that the larger Church would d itself with a General Conference too ge, too unwieldy. That has not been ue. There is a cooperative spirit behind is union that may make the Methodists e most powerful voice in Protestantism, well as the largest church in point of embership. The debates thus far have en happily free of rancor. May that main so.

BIBLES: Off and on, we have reported re the activities of the American Bible ciety; off and on, we've thought that e might come to some year when the ciety's report wouldn't be worth re-rting. But not yet. . . .
Eighteen new languages were added the Society's list in 1939; some parts the Bible they have now published in 39 tongues and dialects. Six of these re African, seven new Asiatic, four in ilippine dialects, and one in an Indian nguage spoken in British Columbia. e know of no finer piece of work being rried on.

TEMPERANCE

BOOTLEGGERS: There was to come an end to bootlegging with repeal. That was a "phenomenon born of Prohibition," and it would disappear once liquor was licensed. So promised the foes of Prohibition, the friends of "freedom."

Last week in New York City a Federal Grand Jury heard the charges brought against 122 men suspected of bootlegging, brought in indictments against all of them. It is the *biggest bootlegging ring ever exposed in the history of the United States.* The indicted ones are charged with conspiracy to evade a $4-a-gallon tax on 400,000 gallons of alcohol.

No wonder a Bishop at Atlantic City last week told the assembled Methodists that there was a certain disgust with repeal, abroad in the land a certain trend back toward Prohibition.

W.C.T.U. CONVENTION: The sixty-sixth annual convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet in Chicago August 9 to 14, executive officers announced at national headquarters in Evanston, Illinois.

Headquarters and most convention sessions will be in the Stevens Hotel. The program will include a visit to Rest Cottage, the Frances E. Willard shrine in Evanston. Three thousand delegates and visitors may attend.

"My! How Handy!"

"A pump right in the kitchen! What'll they think of next? You're a lucky woman, Josephine."

LUCKY? Yes—compared with toting heavy pails of water from an outside well. But if Josephine was lucky, what about her granddaughter of today, with her modern electrified kitchen?

With electric lights, Josephine's granddaughter doesn't have to fill and clean lamps. With her electric refrigerator, she doesn't have to keep the butter in the cellar in summer, or worry about the milk. Her electric cleaner makes it unnecessary to tear up the carpets every spring and lug them out and beat them. With her electric range, she doesn't have to cook over a hot stove. And the furnace keeps the house at the right temperature without her going near the cellar.

Even if electricity's contributions to better living had stopped here, we'd still recognize it as one of the greatest benefits of our century. But electricity goes much further. In every branch of industry it helps to make manufactured articles available at such low prices and in such quantity and variety that more millions of people can enjoy them.

For more than 60 years General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen have been making electricity more useful—creating for all of us hundreds of comforts unknown to any former generation. Their efforts today are producing More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Strawberry Festival

An Old American Institution

THERE'S something about a Strawberry Festival. It's a night in June . . . with lanterns strung across the church lawn lighting long plank tables covered with snow-white cloths. There's moonlight drifting through the trees. Sturdy rambler roses and frail honeysuckle cover the picket fence . . . filling the evening air with wave upon wave of magic fragrance.

THERE'S something about a Strawberry Festival that's thoroughly American. It couldn't happen anywhere but here . . . where the banker's lady helps to wait on table and Mrs. Doctor Hazlett makes the coffee. In the church basement the young folks catch each other's hands across the freezers—feeling themselves suddenly grown up, but still not quite too old to lick the rosy strawberry cream right off the icy dashers.

IN SOME towns the ladies have a sale of fancy work or baked goods. But usually the festival consists of visiting back and forth, and eating strawberries, dripping with sugary juices, drenched in blobs of thick yellow cream! Or strawberry ice cream of the palest hue —guiltless of any brash red coloring. In many towns it's a feast of strawberry short cake—and that's all!

BUT there's short cake enough to satisfy the whole town's yearning. Mostly, it's made with a rich biscuit dough. The biscuits are split while smoking hot, buttered most lavishly and bedded down under deep mounds of sugared berries. The streaming scarlet juices blend with snowy rivers of cream—whipped if you must, but better still —just poured from the pitcher.

SUCH are the festivals of America's true epicures who come together to savor in due season the sun-drenched bounty of berry patch and fields. Food plays an important part in so many of our celebrations. Americans from our earliest days gathered around tables where food made plain meetings fe tive. Good eating is an American trad tion—so it's natural that good food b a traditional part of our festive occasion

WE LIKE simple things well prepare We prefer old recipes; and the flavo of our foods, like our customs, hav been handed down for generations.

DURING the past 70 years the name Heinz and the "57" mark have becom as much a part of the American scen as the strawberry festival itself. Gene ation after generation have used Hein food products to add enjoyment to fam ily dinners and friendly gatherings.

INTO all the things Heinz makes go th best of American produce, the best American methods, guided and guarded by the best of American traditions of quality in food. .

57

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

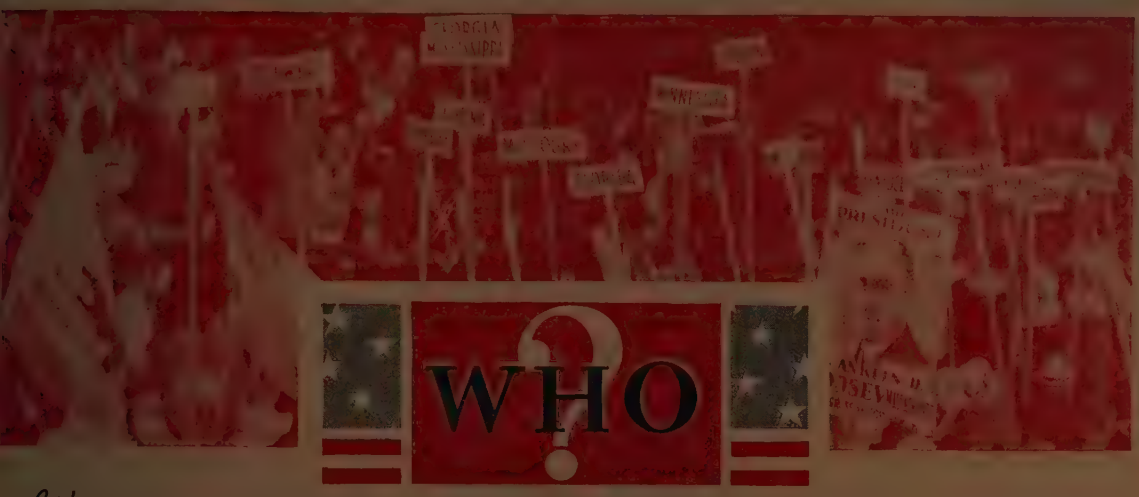
An Old American Institution

June 1940

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1870

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



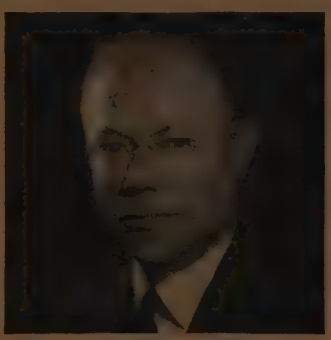
Will be the next President of the United States? We present on these pages thumb-nail sketches of the men, of all parties, who are most prominently mentioned for that high office. President Roosevelt is not included, as he is not an avowed candidate

By Orland K. Armstrong

Republican—Robert A. Taft is the son of a president, ambitious to duplicate the feat of John Quincy Adams and sit, as did his father, in the White House.

Unmistakably a product of the Middle West is "Bob" Taft. Born in Cincinnati in 1889, eldest son of William H. Taft, whose distinguished career has been his guiding star. He lived a normal, happy boyhood until ten, then President Theodore Roosevelt appointed his father Governor-general of the Philippines. Two years in Manila, then back home to continue school. Law school, and a Cincinnati law firm.

In 1914 Bob Taft married Martha Bowers, and there began the now famous team of Bob and Martha. They have four sons. During World War days Taft served in the Food Administration under Herbert Hoover, then overseas in relief work. Back again to his practice, and to politics. In 1920 Taft began his eight years in the Ohio legislature, during which he became an expert on budgets, taxes and local governments.



ROBERT A. TAFT

In 1938 he ran for the U. S. Senate. Bob and Martha stumped Ohio, and won. He attracted wide attention in his first year as senator by speaking and debating national issues.

Strongest qualifications for presidential nomination lie in family background, personal ability, politically strategic state of Ohio.

Bob Taft and family are Episcopalians.

Democrat—Burton K. Wheeler is a westerner, a fighting liberal, who talks with a Yankee accent, because he was born and reared in Massachusetts. Old New England Quaker stock. Michigan Law school, then on west to Butte, Montana, and a law practice.

"Burt" Wheeler just couldn't stay out of public life, for he is at heart a crusader for the underdog, the defender of the common man. Went to the state legislature in 1911 to plead for legislation for farmers, laborers, miners. Appointed by President Wilson federal district attorney for Montana in 1913.

During the World War years, Wheeler was center of turbulent fights—with the district attorney defending civil liberties against super-patriots and spy-hunters. He said the farmers and miners were victims of profiteering and speculation. Was chased out of towns by mobs who refused to let him speak. Undaunted, he ran for governor in 1920, was defeated. Came back to win his seat in the U. S. Senate two years later.

BURTON K. WHEELER

Consistent record of aggressive support of liberal legislation.

Married Lulu White of Albany, Illinois, and they have six children. Methodist. Mrs. Wheeler is life-long leader of missionary and Bible school activities.

His greatest fight, and victory: Leadership of the Senators opposing President's plan to enlarge the Supreme Court.

Democrat—Cordell Hull, son of the Tennessee hill folk, lawyer, farmer, judge, member of Congress, senator, this man wears the label "statesman" with dignity and honor, at a time when true statesmanship is badly needed.

Cordell Hull came up from the ranks, personally and politically. His long congressional service (in the House of Representatives from 1907 to 1931, except for one term, and Senate 1931-1933) was distinguished by consistent policies, outstanding among them being his firm advocacy of lowered tariffs to stimulate world trade.

Appointment as Secretary of State in FDR's cabinet was recognition of leadership in world affairs. He began at once

CORDELL HULL

urging a plan of reciprocal trade treaties was given power to negotiate such treaties Announced a plan of world peace:

"It must be based upon national and international self-restraint, abstinence from use of force, adjustment of international problems by agreement, observance of the sanctity of treaties, world trade, and the establishment of justice among all nations the weak as well as the strong."

Long political experience, able leadership firm—almost stubborn—adherence to hi ideals, make him perhaps foremost Democratic presidential possibility. Thought to be acceptable to all factions within his party

He and Mrs. Hull are Episcopalians regular in attendance at services.

Republican—Thomas E. Dewey was born in Owosso, in Michigan. Tom Dewey led the typical life of a typical small-town American boy. School, playing in the band, football, working in his father's newspaper office, doing odd jobs for the neighbors, putting in one summer as a hired hand on a farm. University of Michigan, then Columbia Law School. Toyed with the idea of becoming a professional singer, but a law practice becoming lucrative almost at once put a stop to that.

Opportunity boosted Tom Dewey rapidly. Between 1931 and 1933 he was special assistant to U. S. District Attorney Medalie, in which office he won his spurs as the nemesis of high racketeers. Won the race

THOMAS E. DEWEY

for New York district attorney in fall o 1937. Helped clean the city of loan sharks Has to his credit convictions of such figure as "Lucky" Luciano, head of the restauran racket, estimated to have cost consumer of New York nearly $50,000,000 a year Richard Whitney, Wall Street broke "Jimmy" Hines, Tammany leader; an many others.

Nominated for governor of New York i 1938, barely missed election. Married, 1928 to Frances Hutt, of Sapulpa, Oklahoma They have two children. The Deweys ar Episcopalians.

Strongest assets are favorable personality speaking ability, and location in the mos populous state, New York.

Democrat—James A. Farley—against whose name may be written this tribute: "He is loyal." Since 1930, when he began active canvassing for support for Governor Roosevelt for the Democratic presidential nomination, Farley has been intensely loyal to his chief, at times when he admitted to his close friends and political workers that his chief was wrong.

Born at Grassy Point, New York, in 1888, Jim Farley finished a business course, worked as bookkeeper and salesman, branched into his own building supply business.

"Smiling Jim" took to politics, he says, a naturally as a duck to water.

Once asked what he did best, he re-

JAMES A. FARLEY

plied: "Make friends." He made a lot o friends for FDR, managed his successfu campaign in 1932 as chairman of th Democratic National Committee. Re warded with postmaster-generalship, h has continued his political leadership an the cabinet position since March 4, 193

Married to Elizabeth Finnegan, wh urges him occasionally to drop politic but encourages him in all his ambition They have three children.

James A. Farley is a Roman Catholic He has repeatedly expressed his opinio that creed should be no bar to any politica office, including the highest. He also under stands the hurdle his religious affiliatio places in his path.

Republican—When Herbert Hoover left the White House on March 4, 1933, he went into a dignified retirement reserved for all men who have served as chief executive of the nation.

That he desires a certain vindication at the hands of history is human, and easily understood. That he does not seek that vindication by attempting to assume Republican leadership again is apparent. But it is equally apparent that he desires to continue to have a voice in party councils.

Herbert Hoover was born in Iowa of Quaker parentage. A scientific bent took him into engineering studies and won him a degree from Stanford U., in 1895. Four years later he married Lou Henry, a class-

HERBERT HOOVER

mate. There are two sons.

Outstanding success came to Hoover a a young mining engineer in this country in Russia, Australia, China, South Africa India, and many other parts of the globe With the outbreak of the World War Hoover dropped professional and busines activities and went into relief work. Wa chosen by President Wilson to head th Food Administration. After the armistice served as head of Belgian Relief.

Chosen Secretary of Commerce by Presi dent Harding, and again by President Coolidge. Entered the presidency in 192 with plans for strengthening world peace The depression and resultant problem wiped out these plans.

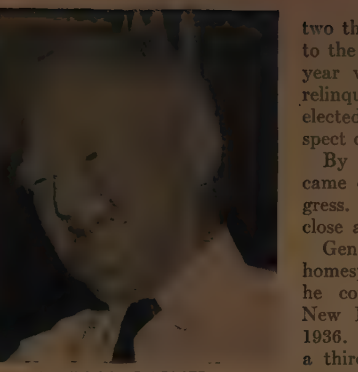
Democrat—John N. Garner—"Cactus Jack"—scion of the Wide Open Spaces, the Gentleman from Texas who climbed the ladder of congressional promotion from 1903 to 1931, when he became speaker of the House. Nominated for vice president in 1932 with Roosevelt, he was considered by party leaders as too radical to take much part in the campaign. Four years later he was considered too conservative.

Jack Garner is the oldest of the major candidates of either party. Born November 22, 1868, he laughs when his friends mention his age, declares: "Life really begins at 70." His birthplace was a log cabin at Blossom Prairie, Red River County, Texas.

Garner has been steadily successful at two things: Politics and business. He went to the legislature for a term, in 1901. Next year was elected to Congress. He never relinquished his seat in Congress until elected vice president. He enjoys the respect of all his colleagues.

By successive steps in seniority he became dominant Democratic figure in Congress. Mrs. Garner is his secretary and close adviser.

Genial, keen-minded, frank, genuinely homespun, Jack Garner broke with what he considered radical tendencies in the New Deal shortly after his reelection in 1936. His avowed purpose is to prevent a third term for President Roosevelt and to regain his party for "old-line" leaders.



JOHN N. GARNER

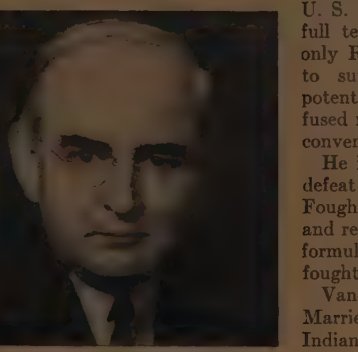
Republican—Arthur H. Vandenberg is the only candidate for president in either party who has declared that President Roosevelt should be a candidate for a third term in order to bring the issue of Roosevelt's leadership squarely before the people for their final decision.

Born in Grand Rapids in 1884 young Vandenberg peddled papers, planned to be a lawyer. Became a cub reporter instead, on the *Grand Rapids Herald*, found himself in 1906 in editorial charge of the paper. Vandenberg became identified with civic leadership, dabbled in politics, wrote several books, among them two on Alexander Hamilton.

Appointed in 1928 to fill vacancy in the U. S. Senate, elected that fall for his first full term. By re-election in 1934 became only Republican senator in populous state to survive the Democratic wave, and potential national Republican leader. Refused nomination for vice-president at 1936 convention.

He is credited with almost single-handed defeat of numerous New Deal measures. Fought Supreme Court enlargement plan and reorganization bill. In 1935, assisted in formulation of Neutrality Act, and in 1939 fought repeal of embargoes on munitions.

Vandenberg's first wife died in 1916. Married Hazel Whittaker of Fort Wayne, Indiana, 1918. He is the father of three children. They are Congregationalists.



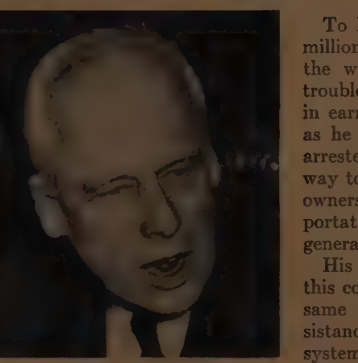
ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

Socialist—Norman Thomas, a former Presbyterian minister, has already been nominated for the honor of standard bearer for the Socialist Party. Only his predecessor, Eugene V. Debs, campaigned more times for the presidency than has Thomas.

He accepted the nomination again last April, knowing full well that he could not be elected. Lost causes are his meat and drink. To him they are not lost, if he can give his best to the fight. Besides this, his fourth campaign for the presidency, Norman Thomas has run twice for governor, twice each for the Senate and for the House, twice for state senator, and numerous times for municipal office in New York City, always on the Socialist ticket.

To Norman Thomas and his nearly one million political followers, Socialism offers the way out of the social and economic troubles of the nation. He is intensely in earnest about it. He has been assaulted as he spoke, deported from various cities, arrested—but is ready to go far out of his way to spread the doctrine of governmental ownership of resources, utilities and transportation systems, and the social state generally.

His greatest concern now is to help keep this country out of foreign wars, and at the same time to extend every possible assistance to the "workers" to abolish the war system. His greatest asset: A rugged honesty and sincerity of purpose.



NORMAN THOMAS

Prohibition—Roger W. Babson is the most famous statistician in America. More than any other man, he has made the study of trends in industry, financing, banking and business generally a recognized science all over the country.

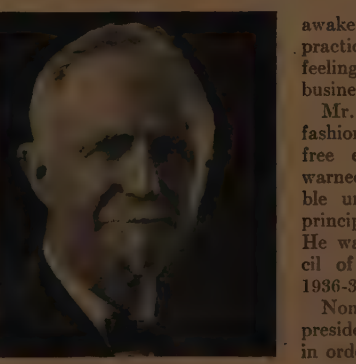
Mr. Babson has become the nation's foremost authority on the use of statistics to forecast developments in business and social spheres.

But this greying, keen-eyed sixty-five-year-old student has given increasingly of his time, thought and action in the last few years to leadership along moral and spiritual lines.

"What this nation needs is a spiritual awakening, a revival of religious faith and practice," he says, with that sincerity and feeling with which he has always backed his business forecasts.

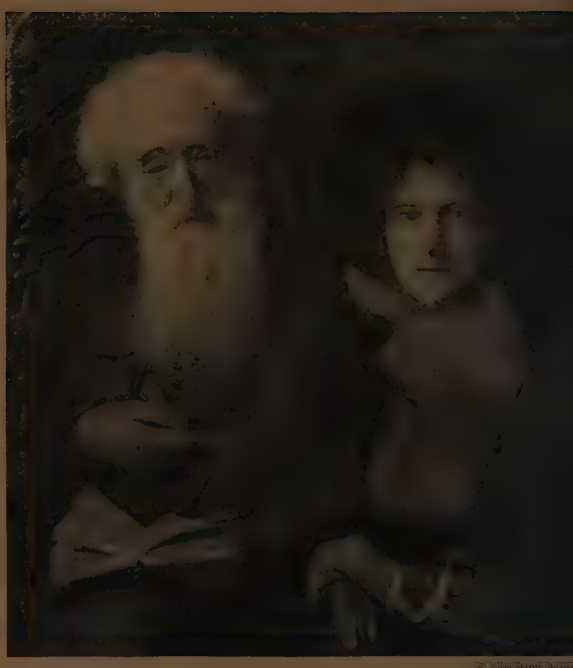
Mr. Babson holds tenaciously to the old-fashioned principles of industry, thrift and free enterprise. But he has repeatedly warned that no economic recovery is possible unless it is founded upon Christian principles of justice and social betterment. He was Moderator of the National Council of Congregational-Christian Churches, 1936-38.

Nominated by the Prohibition Party for president, Mr. Babson accepted the honor in order to express his ideals.



ROGER W. BABSON

(Our readers are invited to fill out the ballot which you will find on page 62, indicating which of these candidates you prefer.)



The picture at the left shows Evangeline Booth when she was a young woman. At the right is Miss Booth with her father, General William Booth

The Life Worth Living

The story of Evangeline Booth, who mounts no pedestal, but whose feet tread the pavement where the rest of us have to walk through life

By P. W. Wilson

FOR half a century or more, Evangeline Booth has been among the picturesque personalities of the day. With her eager face framed by auburn hair and a bonnet ribanded in red, there she stands on the platform, a trim, erect figure in her closefitting uniform, and faces the crowds, East and West, North and South—for it makes no difference—and moves them to tears and laughter and repentance and hope for the future. Cynics and statesmen, writers and actors will listen to her, who seldom listen to any other preacher of the more abundant life, for she has a personality that appeals. Reporters are unanimous in voting her a regular fellow, and that is the truth about her. Throughout her long life, she has had a great time in every sense of those words, and she makes no secret of it. It has been the life worth living.

For thirty years she was Commander of the Salvation Army in the United States. She was then elected fourth General of the Army by the High Council, meeting in London, and if you now look up her name in the Salvationist Year Book, you will find the telltale letter, R., after her rank. She is still General, but Retired. She is Emeritus. After sixty years of active service, with furloughs few and far between, she can afford to be, simply and freely, herself. Her powers within the Army have been handed on to her successor, General Carpenter. She retains her personality.

Let us be frank about it—she has felt the change. The end of the long chapter, so crowded with memories, was the more difficult to face because an obliterating climax blacked out the elaborately organized farewell. For a demonstration of grateful good will to the one remaining child of William Booth in the Army that he founded, the vast auditorium of Olympia in London had been engaged and 37,000 tickets had been sold. All of such arrangements had to be canceled, and Evangeline Booth, unattended by any of her staff, had to make her lonely way to a censored seaport, where she was scrutinized lest she be a peril to Democracy before embarking on a carefully guarded liner of which she did not know the name. Thus was she zigzagged in a convoy across the Atlantic, very unhealthy for navigation, and the ordeal was the more prolonged because a raging hurricane tested the endurance of all on board, whether passengers or crew.

Heartsick over catastrophes in Europe and the Far East, and torn with anxiety for comrades in war-swept lands of whose fate it was hard to obtain news—several Salvationist officers laid down their lives for Finland—Evangeline Booth made her way to her home at Hartsdale near New York, now reopened, and tried to get adjusted to her situation. For a time, she was content to live by the day, leaving all morrows to take care of themselves; then there was a mishap.

During an active career, when sometimes her mind has been preoccupied with affairs more important to her than herself, Evangeline Booth has been betrayed into a tendency to indulge in minor accidents that might have been much more serious—a crash in an automobile, entanglement in under-water

Miss Evangeline Booth's work has brought her into contact with the great of earth everywhere. For example: she is shown, above, standing outside the Royal Palace, Copenhagen; being received on her arrival in Bombay, India, by the elite of that city; and at Los Angeles, where former President Herbert Hoover presented her to a great crowd in the First Methodist Church

wires when bathing in Lake George, acute misery during rough weather on the ocean. This time, the trouble was a carpet about to be laid on the floor. It tripped her up and she had to be patient with yet more stress and strain.

However, she has always been endowed with a surplus of the energy known as resilience, and she pulled herself together. In her seventies, she continues to be as young as she has always felt, and so full to overflowing is her cup of life that any idea of draining that cup to the dregs, is fantastic. She has her ups and downs. She has had great sorrows; valued comrades have been "promoted" —some of them very near to her heart. But the play of sunshine and shadow across her vivid temperament merely means that hers is the season of perpetual spring. Long and drear may have been the winter. But there is summer ahead—always some chance of helping things along, something to look forward to.

Once upon a time I had an argument with General Evangeline Booth. I advanced the proposition that no organization, however valuable to the community, is more important than any individual, however insignificant. For to disband an organization is no crime, whereas to kill an individual is murder. Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for an individual. It is the individual who captures the imagination of the public; not India, but Gandhi; not Christianity, but Christ.

So completely has Evangeline Booth identified her personality with the Salvation Army throughout the world that she was inclined to demur to this mutinous individualism. Yet it is as an individual as well as an officer that she has always appealed to the people. She has friends, known and unknown, outside as well as inside the Army, and however definitely she may retire from the Generalship, she can never escape from the interest that they take in her. These friends are curious to know more about her. "We have seen you in your uniform," they say, "but what are you really like when you are just yourself?"

Why is it that the world has yielded to Evangeline Booth an influence and an attention enjoyed by few women in any generation? Personality does not end with administrative authority. On the contrary, it may be released from frustrations. The calendar of modern saints includes certain illustrious women who have made a difference to the mentality of our era. Harriet Beecher Stowe aroused the world against Negro slavery. Susan B. Anthony claimed the full citizenship of women. Florence Nightingale inaugurated the profession of nursing and Edith Cavell ennobled that profession by her martyrdom. Madame Curie achieved the heroism of science.

To this small group of notable women belongs Evangeline Booth. Yet with a difference. Each of her sisters in service and sacrifice stands secure within a niche which is hers and hers alone. Evangeline Booth has no niche and mounts no pedestal. Her feet tread the pavement where the rest of us have to walk through life. You could write of art and science and letters and the drama and aviation and athletics and never mention her name. For her concern has been less with art than with artists, less with science than with scientists, and so with all achievement. The man's the man for all that—so is the woman. What shall it profit genius itself if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul?

Evangeline Booth expresses, not a particular cause like emancipation or suffrage, not a particular calling like medicine or the law, but a philosophy of life—life as a whole; not alone the life that is lived by the somebodies who get into the limelight, but the life of the anybodies and the nobodies who dwell in obscurity. That philosophy is nobly entrenched in the citadels of the Salvation Army. But it radiates beyond those well-defended fortifications to all sorts and conditions of people throughout the world. If Miss Booth were never to deliver another address or give another interview to the reporters or write another article for the magazines—not that such withdrawal from activity is contemplated—the philosophy for which she has stood and still stands without swerving from it a hairsbreadth, would be forever associated with her name.

Anyone can discuss a philosophy. In hundreds of colleges that kind of discussion is going on all the time. The significance of Evangeline Booth lies in the fact that her philosophy did not end with discussion. At whatever the cost, it was carried into effect. There was a profound conviction that words are not enough in themselves. They must be made flesh and dwell among men. So with this philosophy of life.

Sixty years ago there was a child still in her early 'teens. She was acutely conscious of suffering, whether in people or animals, and the sight of cruelty aroused her to paroxysms of indignation. Hers was a sensitive conscience that recoiled instinctively from anything, around her or within her, that fell short of the best in desires and conduct which was her only standard of behavior. And she was uneasy.

She had been taught, first, that all life, including her own, is of infinite value, and secondly, that life belongs to God who gives it. Also, she was warned that they make a great mistake who rob God of what rightfully belongs to him.

It was not in church that this little girl was informed of this philosophy of life. On the contrary, her parents had left the churches behind them in order to be free to preach the philosophy in more clarion tones. The philosophy was thus atmospheric in the home where this little girl lived. It was in the very air that she breathed.

The question *(Continued on page 46)*

Moving pictures are ideal entertainment for the deaf

DEAF But not Dumb

By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

THERE are probably more than seven million people—six per cent of our population—whose deafness is severe enough to make communication difficult and unreliable, and thus set them apart from their fellow citizens as a class that must at times be handled differently from the normal rank and file. The number is roughly arrived at, but that need not disturb us; a million or so either way would not upset my argument, which is merely that there are enough of us hard of hearing to justify having life shaped a bit more to fit our needs, instead of being forced to do all the adaptation ourselves.

For these figures mean, if they mean anything, that practically everybody has some contact with the hard of hearing. Six per cent is roughly one sixteenth of the population. One out of sixteen is deaf enough to offer obstacles to ordinary intercourse. This means that you who read this, whether or not you yourself are hard of hearing, must meet an underhearing person daily, weekly—often, at any rate.

The battle against deafness is to-day being fought on two fronts, by medical research and experiment seeking to discover the causes of loss of hearing and methods of eradicating them, and by electrical science in the bettering of hearing devices and apparatus to aid in teaching speech to those who have never heard it.

One cause of increasing deafness is the gradual closing of the oval window in the bony wall between the middle ear and the inner ear through which the waves of sound reach the auditory nerves and are transmitted to the brain. No one knows what causes this bone growth or what will prevent it. Patient investigation on dogs, whose hearing apparatus most nearly approaches ours, has been going on for some time. Meanwhile sensational operations have been attempted in Sweden and France, such as the insertion of tissue graft against the window opening, and the puncturing of the bony wall to offset the closing of the window. Doctors approach such heroic remedies with caution, and are of the opinion that these operations have not yet proved themselves as to technique or results. About one in four has been successful, and even with these not enough time has elapsed to ascertain the permanency of the cure. The artificial opening also shows a tendency to close with growth of bone. The consensus seems to be that prophylactic or preventive measures offer the greatest promise at present.

Steady improvement is evident in the development of hearing instruments. First the clumsy earpiece was reduced to the diameter of a penny, so small and light it could be held to the ear by a small shape fitting the ear passage, doing away with the headband. The shape is made to fit exactly by taking a small plaster-of-Paris cast—the way the dentist makes casts of your mouth—and reproducing it in plastic. Bone conduction, a real discovery, dispenses with the earpiece entirely, and relays the sound through the bones of the head directly to the auditory nerves without using the natural passages of the ear. A small oblong is fitted behind the ear, where it is almost invisible, and connected with a receiver. This device has proved useful also in teaching speech, giving deaf children some idea of vibration, pitch, intensity, and the like. For this purpose the oblong is held between the fingers, and the vibrations felt. There is no other way, except the long slow trial-and-error method that has been in use hitherto, to get sound to the mind of a child who has never heard, and does not know how he speaks.

In addition, there has just been invented another instrument for teaching speech to deaf children—the pitch indicator. The inventor, A. E. Coyne, is an engineer at Cape Town, South Africa, where his wife is one of the teachers in the admirable Institute for the Deaf conducted by the Dominican Sisters. Teaching pitch is more difficult than teaching lip reading. The pitch indicator—to describe it briefly and simply—flashes a small bulb, activated by a responsive tuning fork, for each note of the diatonic scale. The student instantly sees when he has sounded the right note, and the

The telephone was the result of Bell's experiments in trying to enable his deaf wife to hear

pattern of the row of lights follows the pitch of the human voice. With it, says the inventor, is developed in minutes a control of the voice that could not be obtained by other methods in months.

The late Edward Sandford Martin, who was for years the genial editor of *Life* (first incarnation) and who had been deaf most of his life, summed up the ethics of deaf conduct briefly but conclusively:

"A deaf man who really wants to be good has it in his favor that there are a number of sinful or inexpedient things that he cannot do to advantage. . . . He cannot play poker to good advantage, though he can buy stocks; he cannot flirt, unless, indeed, he is a resolute adventurer and learns to read the lips; he is so badly handicapped in society that there is little chance that his head will be turned by social success, or his energies wasted in a chase after it. He has even a greater incentive to be temperate than most men have, for carousals are dull sport to a deaf man. . . . But it is unwise for him to be much of a sinner because he is so much exposed to his own society and will be so much inconvenienced by having to associate with an unworthy person whom he cannot respect. He had better be good."

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, initiator of much of the social work now done for the hard of hearing, was not deaf, but his wife was. He fell in love with her when teaching speech to a group of underhearing pupils. You perhaps know the delightful legend that the invention of the telephone was a by-product of experiments to enable his wife to hear by electricity. Dr. Bell went on with his great invention, but the incidental discovery he made was developed by his assistant, Miller Reese Hutchison, who later, while working for Thomas Edison, —the arch example of triumph over deafness—produced the first electric hearing instrument. But neither he nor anyone else ever succeeded in making Edison wear one.

The first League for the Hard of Hearing was founded by Edward B. Nitchie, a deaf teacher of lip reading. The members of the American Society for the Hard of Hearing are all deaf, but not all the deaf are members. They should be. Practically all that has been done for the social rehabilitation of the deaf has been done by the deaf. Thus we find a new significance to the old saying about the blind leading the blind.

Organized effort to aid the deaf may be left safely in the capable hands of the Society, where it now so efficiently rests, while we consider the attitude of the individual who must at times, through kinship, friendship, duty, or profit, deal with the underhearing.

Hearing is a sense so taken for granted that its loss disrupts the whole scheme of social relations—and domestic relations likewise—and seriously interferes with the art of living. Life is ordinarily carried on in terms of the spoken word. Without hearing, the simplest and most ordinary details become more difficult and embarrassing than a hearing person can imagine.

The telephone rings. My wife goes to the phone. A pleasant feminine voice says:

"Won't you and Mr. Calkins dine with us Friday night? Just a small dinner—only two other guests."

My wife explains that I am so deaf that a dinner, even a small dinner, is an ordeal for me, and I fear I shall prove

My hostess wrote out a list of the guests with the important facts about each one—family, parents, children, together with their occupations

a wet blanket—or at least a muffler. But the would-be hostess insists. She waves all objections aside. She knows it is hard for me, but won't I make an exception in her case?

"I guess we shall have to go," says my wife as she hangs up the phone.

On Friday we go to the dinner. It is a charming one, with interesting people among whom I should like to play the part of an acceptable guest. I am seated at my hostess's right. The table is covered with napery, dishes, and flowers. I look for a place to set the large black box, holding about two gallons of conversation, which I carry around with me to advertise the fact that I am deaf. I set it down and ruin the effect of the beautifully arranged table. I remark humorously that I hope some day to have an instrument like that of the late King Edward, in ivory and gold, which will be an ornament to any table. I pursue the thought, saying that my effect on a dinner party is about as blighting as that of my box on conversation. I hang on for a few rounds, knowing that if I drop the ball I shall be out of the game.

The man opposite is reminded of a story, and tells it. My wife tries to wigwag the point of the story to me by lip reading. I fail to get it, however, because the maid is taking away my soup, which I have barely tasted. I resolve to devote myself to the fish, and let the conversational chips fall where they may. I am interrupted by my hostess, who is telling me something. I say good-bye to the fish, and try to follow her. After she has told the story twice, and held the entire table breathlessly watching to see if I get it, I pretend to have heard her and smile rapturously—deceiving no one, least of all my wife. I hurry in with my stock anecdote before the breach is closed.

This anecdote enables me to link myself up with an illustrious deaf person, showing that our calamity knocks with equal foot at the palace and the hovel. Dr. Horace Howard Furness, I explain, was the famous Shakespeare scholar. Invited by Charles Eliot Norton to stay at his house while in Boston to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, Dr. Furness wrote: "It is many, many years since I formed a resolution to eat at no table but my own. I am so deaf that I must either wholly listen or wholly eat, and the attempt to divide the two always causes embarrassment to my host and me, and since Nature has instructed me to remain in the background, I take the hint and obey her behest."

I hold my position valiantly a few moments, but soon the conversation veers again. From time to time someone with vast effort explains the point of a story to me. It is practically lost in vain repetition, and I seldom get it anyway, but pretend I do, and smile fatuously. And so the evening wears away.

"You didn't get anything that was said to you," my wife says to me on the way home. "Why do you pretend to hear when you don't?"

I explain that it was necessary to do so if I was to be able to eat a little. If it hadn't been for people trying to tell me things I could have made a good meal. The drawback to dinner parties, I insist, is the conversation. With Thackeray I feel that the talking, like the carving, should be done at a side table. I am hoping for an invitation some day which reads like this: "Dinner at seven-thirty. No conversation."

As a people we are ear-minded rather than eye-minded. We hear more than we see. We let sound pictures drive out the silent films, another grievance to the deaf, the more so because the pictures have steadily lost in graphic presentation in favor of mere speech. Strange, this exaltation of the ear, for nature apparently does not agree. At any rate she gave the eye eighteen times as many nerves as the ear. So the hard of hearing must dispense not only with con-

versation, but with other amusements as well.

Realizing that moving pictures were the perfect form of dramatic entertainment for the hard of hearing until the introduction of sound, many houses are now equipped with multiple hearing devices, and this is sufficient for a large proportion of the deaf. A microphone is set up near the sound apparatus or speaker, and wires are run to certain seats. The occupant plugs in an earpiece, his own or one furnished by the theatre, and the mechanical chain is complete.

I am one who is too deaf for this bit of enterprise, but I also have my resources. Foreign-language films are run with their original sound effects, But English titles are written on the pictures for the benefit of those who understand only English; and I, who do not understand even English when it is spoken, enjoy such plays as Sacha Guitry's *Story of a Cheat* and Erich von Stroheim's *Grand Illusion.* Those French films are better than the average Hollywood fare. Then there are the dramatizations of well-known books, —*Little Women, David Copperfield, Tom Sawyer,* and *Les Miserables*—with which I am so familiar that I can follow every link of the action and scarcely miss the spoken word. I apply this plan to stage plays also, but there is not as much for the eye in a play as in a picture.

The hard of hearing must qualify as best they may to meet the hearing world on its own ground. But what of the other fifteen-sixteenths of society? Have they no obligation? I do not mean in the narrow sense of duty, but for their own comfort, convenience, or self-interest. The deafened feel that reaction to their handicap is too often stage fright or an exaggerated and distorted effort—or, best of all perhaps, complete and stolid indifference.

The desirable thing is communication expressed simply and with natural enunciation. Loudness is seldom as necessary as distinctness, especially for lip readers. Do not talk to your underhearing friend with your back to the light. Let him see your face, so that his eyes may supplement his ears. You should also consider seating arrangements in social groups. A tactless hostess placed Harriet Martineau next to the only other deaf person at a dinner, with a vacant chair on her other side.

Give your friend a chance to use his eyes. Show him things instead of reading them to him. Remember the partially deaf hear better in the street, a railroad train, or a boiler factory, wherever there is a background of noise, the very place where you have most difficulty. The greatest service is the quick and tactful prompting with the key word that gives a deaf person the clue to whatever is being presented.

If more people possessed the sort of imagination that understands and enters into the major problems of hardness of hearing, the lives of the deafened would be made easier. That problem is one of orientation, of getting our bearings in a strange group. Among our friends it is different. They know us, know the best and the worst of us, and have already made up their minds about us. The necessity of testifying in our own behalf is not so insistent. But among strangers we feel we must in some way account for ourselves, give some evidence of intelligence, and we are profoundly grateful to anyone who helps us to a conversational raft upon which we may float for a season at least, if not to a safe harbor.

I once sat for an hour in a dim-lit restaurant, in a group of twelve men only one of whom I knew—and he came late. We were whiling away the time until an eight o'clock dinner with casual conversation. The low lights were supposed to aid such conversation, but for me they had the contrary effect. I was marooned in a vacuum. I did not know who was speaking, or even if anyone was. I did not know for certain which one was our host.

It would be difficult to conceive a more difficult situation for a deaf man. Even in the light and among friends or acquaintances, the hurdles are dismaying, though under such circumstances one can look about and smile knowingly when the others do, or sit beside someone who looks approachable, and concentrate his attention in a tête-à-tête.

What should I do, I meditated: sit here until my hour was up, or make an effort to break through the deadlock? I took out my first-aid kit, a pad and pencil in a neat leather case, tendered it to the man sitting next, and, explaining my difficulty, asked him to write the names of the group in the order of sitting. I knew them collectively but not as individuals, for we were an art jury, and after dinner we would proceed to a gallery to pick out the winners for prizes. My neighbor looked a bit startled at the odd request, but courteously tried to comply. He did not know them all and was forced to ask help, thus drawing the attention of the group to my plight. This was all to the good. Conversation was not apparently absorbing, and even a deaf man's shifts and devices added a new interest.

No sooner had I read the list of names and identified their owners than another man reached for my book and wrote to remind me of a correspondence we had had some time since. Others followed, for the men were not only idle but good-natured, possibly a little bored. It was too dark to write easily, and each was forced to twist under the direct ray of the orange-colored slit that was the only illumination of this deaf man's purgatory. But there in the darkness, without hearing an audible sound, I acquired some preliminary information about my fellow guests, and lost part of my panic-stricken strangeness.

By the time we moved into the well-lighted private dining room the company was warmed up. My pad was in frequent requisition. They told me the points of their jokes, the topics they discussed, and asked questions the answering of which salved my bruised self-esteem. Up and down the table the pad traveled, until it became a sort of game. One man wanted to know what I did with all the notes I must have accumulated—thought I ought to publish them as a new kind of dinner-table talk. I experienced a mild pride in my accomplishment, like the frog that fell into the cream jug and worked his way out by swimming vigorously until the cream was churned. I acquired also renewed faith in the inherent good will of human nature.

Against that scene wherein a deaf man managed to assert himself and found his fellows willing to meet him halfway let me project the picture of an ideal hostess. I recall with gratitude a woman of rare understanding—it would embarrass her if I gave her name—who once entertained my wife and me at the mountaintop camp where she and her family spent their summers. This camp was aboriginally a haunt of foxes, and its name is without prejudice—Yelping Hill. An artist member of the colony had decorated the road at junctions with running foxes, noses pointing out the right directions. At the gates of the camp the fox was sitting on his haunches, nose in the air, giving the "view halloo," or whatever foxes do give when run to earth.

It can be inferred from this touch that the colony was one of bright people worth knowing, and that it would be a pity to miss the names and states of the various members we were to encounter at dinner; for, while each family occupied its own bungalow or cabin, meals were taken in a common clubhouse. Except for our hostess and her distinguished husband, all were strangers to us. Before we went to dinner, my hostess handed me a

(Continued on page 54)

☆

A PICTURE IN SPRING

I paint a picture every spring—
A picture of a lovely thing.
With flowers growing in a bed,
I mix my colors with the red.
My canvas is a plot of earth,
My paints are seeds—a quarter's worth.
My brushes are my spade and hoe;
I sprinkle color row by row.
I stir my paints and wield my spade.
With sun and rain the picture's made.
A picture splashed with red and green
And all the hues that go between.
Yes, it fades when summer ends,
But never in the hearts of friends.

Lawrence J. Smith

☆

He made his way across the weedy yard out to the barn and looked it over. "Mm. A new roof is about all it needs. I wonder what the town would take for this property?"

A FLYER IN REAL ESTATE

By Frederick E. Burnham

OLD DR. TORREY, Westford's retired practitioner, reined his horse in front of a small, vacant farmhouse a mile out from the village on the main road to Smithfield. He sat there for a few moments looking at the dreary, weather-beaten house and then alighting, made his way into the yard.

"It's in pretty bad shape," he muttered a few minutes later, having gone around the building, peering into each window as he came to it. "Still, by spending a few hundred dollars it could be made habitable." He made his way out to the barn and looked it over. "A new roof is about all that is needed here. Mm. I wonder what the town would take for this property? It is full five years ago that it was seized for nonpayment of taxes. There isn't much land—ten acres or so."

Half an hour later the doctor entered the Westford drug store. At the rear of the store he came upon Mr. Daniel Russell, who was not only the town druggist, but tax collector likewise. "Good morning, Dan," he greeted. "How are you this morning?"

"First-rate, Doc. What can I do for you?"

"I am wondering about the old Trask property on the Smithfield road," said the doctor when comfortably seated. "I suppose the town would let it go for the taxes and accrued interest."

"That is all the town wants, Doc," replied Russell. Then, smiling broadly, "Thinking of buying it?"

"Well, yes, Dan, I have that in mind."

Russell's smile expanded into a grin. "Are you sure that you are feeling all right, Doc?" he chuckled.

"Yes, very sure of it, Dan. I am well past the Scriptural allotment of years, but I flatter myself that my mind is as clear as it ever was. Now as to the taxes, Dan, can you give me the figures without much trouble?"

"Sure thing, Doc." Then he stepped across the room, returning a moment later with a large ledger. He opened it, and having done a bit of figuring, said, "The taxes figure up one hundred and seventy-five dollars and sixty-three cents."

"Much obliged, Dan. I will think it over. By the way, who has the key to the house?"

"I have it right here in my desk. Want to take it?"

"Yes, I think I will. I will bring it back to you later in the day, unless I hand you a check in place of it."

"You have certainly got me guessing, Doc," said Russell, handing over the key. "What in the world do you want of that old tumble-down house?"

"Just an investment. I have a matter of about six hundred dollars—my share of the roadside stand venture last year. That money ought to be at work." Then, chuckling, "I ought to be at work myself. Since I retired I have been putting on too much flesh. I am fairly handy with carpenter tools, so I plan to do a deal of the repairing myself. It would help pass away the time. And I think I would really enjoy doing it."

Two hours later the doctor returned. "Well, Dan, here is my check," he said. "I have been up to the house and looked it over carefully. You can get a release from the town and later hand me a deed to the property. Now I am going home to dinner. This afternoon I am going up there again and figure out as to the lumber needed."

Dr. Torrey spent a good share of the afternoon in and about the old house, foot rule in hand, closely examining the timbers and flooring, frequently jotting down what he deemed would be needed. "Yes, this can be made into quite a house," he muttered when he was through. "I will have to have a carpenter help me replace these rotted sills but after new ones are in place it will be fairly smooth sailing for me."

Down at the general store that evening old Seth Cunningham nudged the doctor and said, "I be afeard, Doc, thet the strain o' the last few games o' checkers we has played has took holt on ye."

"I am not aware of it, Seth," replied the doctor, grinning.

"Dan Russell tells me as how ye've went an' bought the old Trask property."

"That is right, Seth. Just for investment—a flyer in real estate."

"Well, Doc, ye might jest as well take your medicine. I feel like givin' ye a good trimmin' tonight. Ye sure deserve it arter the way ye used me the last two games. I've a feelin' thet tonight ye be in for it."

"Perhaps so, Seth. Let's get at it and see,"

Two hours later Cunningham ponderously got onto his feet and put away the checkers while the doctor, a broad smile on his face, took care of the board.

"Your mind be all right when it comes to checkers, Doc," he said ruefully.

"Am glad of that," laughed the doctor. "It needs to be clear when matching my

wits with yours over the checkerboard. Cheer up, Seth. You will probably have better luck next time."

The following morning the doctor drove out to the old house with Willard Barlow, the carpenter, and had him check up on the lumber needed. It pleased the doctor to learn that his own estimate was not far out of the way.

Barlow figured for a time and then said, "The lumber will cost about three hundred dollars, Doc. The week or so that I will have to put in will stand you twenty-five or thirty dollars more. I don't know just what the plastering and papering will amount to, but probably another hundred dollars will cover that part."

"Good. I will have the lumber here tomorrow morning and you can start work at once. On second thought, suppose you slip down to the city today and order the lumber. They can't fool me on real estate, but I know precious little about lumber."

Barlow grinned. "Planning to sell this house when it is fixed up, Doc?"

"No, I think I will let it for spell. Ultimately I may sell it, though. Time will tell."

The lumber arrived the following morning, and directly after dinner Barlow and the doctor started work. When they quit at five o'clock they had made good headway.

"Willard," said the doctor as they were about to leave for home, "I don't know when I have enjoyed an afternoon more than this one. It has been a real pleasure to putter around here helping you. I have a feeling that I will enjoy the summer here even after you have got through.' '

"I don't doubt that, Doc," declared Barlow. "One thing is sure, even though you find it a hard job to let the house, you will certainly be better off in health for working a bit off here in the open."

"That's so," said the doctor. "Even the little work I have done this afternoon has braced me up. Well, I will see you in the morning, Willard. By tomorrow night we ought to make quite a showing in the matter of getting the sills in place."

That evening Dr. Torrey joined Cunningham at the store, as usual.

"How be the real estate business goin', Doc?" questioned Cunningham when they had drawn up their chairs.

"Going along first-rate so far," replied the doctor, smiling.

"Got a tenant yet?"

"I have one in mind, Seth."

"Thet so? Somebody here in town?"

"No."

"Well, Doc, let's get down to business. I see ye ain't got much to say 'long thet line. But I'm goin' to fix your flint tonight. Three nights runnin' ye've got the best on me at checkers. Thet's goin' a mite too strong."

"I'm ready for you, Seth. I warn you that I am feeling pretty good."

They played three games and it was Seth Cunningham who won the rubber.

"Maybe ye had your mind too much on the real estate business, Doc," chuckled Cunningham as they got onto their feet.

"That's just it, Seth," laughed the doctor "I'll have to leave business behind the next time I tackle you."

The passing of a week found Dr. Torrey working alone up at the old house. He made no pretense of working fast, for he figured that he had an abundance of time, but he labored steadily, and as a result he accomplished considerable.

The latter part of the week Cunningham made his way out there one afternoon. It was quite a walk for the old man, but he knew that the doctor would bring him back home, so he had made the trip.

"Well, Seth, how does it look?" queried the doctor when they were seated on the steps.

"Ye have done a good chore so fur, Doc," declared Cunningham. "Ye-ou be quite a carpenter. I be beginnin' to think thet ye made a good move when ye bought this here place. The time was this was consider'ble of a house—nothin' 'lab'rate 'bout it, but well built. We was boys when old Peleg Trask built it."

"That's right, Seth. Peleg was a good carpenter and a good farmer, too. He made money here. Of course it was a much larger farm then. It was his son, Lemuel, who sold a good share of the land after his father died. That was a bad move."

"To my way o' thinkin', Doc, thet had consider'ble to do with Eben gettin' in trouble. A good shar' o' the land sold, the boy didn't see much to look for'ard to, an' so lit out for the city. Lem meant all right, but he was one o' them men as can't see very fur 'head. The thousand dollars or so thet he got for the land looked mighty big to him at the time. I've al'ays been glad thet neither Lem nor his wife lived to know o' the trouble that Eben got into. Speakin' o' Eben, when be his time up? The jedge give him eight year in prison for armed robbery. I think thet was the sentence."

"It was something like five years ago that he was committed," replied the doctor. "If he has behaved himself he should be out before long."

"I hope it has taught him a lesson, Doc. He was nacherly a mightly likeable young man. Afore he got in trouble there wasn't nobody 'round these parts as didn't like him. Cur'ous how folks turned agin him the minute he went wrong. They couldn't see nothin' good in him arter thet. I hope he'll know 'nough to fit shy o' Westford when he does get out."

"It wouldn't surprise me a bit to see him back here," declared the doctor. "Marcia Wade is still single, Seth, and she has had plenty of chances to marry."

"Thet's right, Doc. I hadn't thought o' thet afore. She thought a dreffful lot o' Eben. Seems like I can see Eben now, come Sat'day night, buyin' a pound box o' the best choc'lates thet Sylvanus carried. A good shar' o' the time he

didn't have much money, but there wasn't nothin' too good in the candy line for thet gal o' hisn. As ye'ou say, it wouldn't be surprisin' to see him show up here. Genuwine love 'ill take the gaff, an' take it with a smile, Doc."

"That's true, Seth. Mm. When this little house is fixed up it would not be a bad place for Eben and his bride."

"Huh?"

"I guess my thoughs were a bit ahead of the facts," laughed the doctor.

"Jest a hair," chuckled Seth. "Um. Speakin' o' Marcia, it's been purty tough for her the last three year since her mother died. Boardin' out ain't no fun arter ye've been used to havin' a home. Well, Doc, it be gettin' 'long toward suppertime."

"Speaking of supper, I have got an appetite like a wolf. Let's get under way."

The ensuing few weeks passed swiftly with Dr. Torrey, swiftly and pleasantly; and with the coming of September he had completed his work, as had likewise a plasterer and paperhanger. It was with a feeling of genuine pride that the doctor viewed his handiwork.

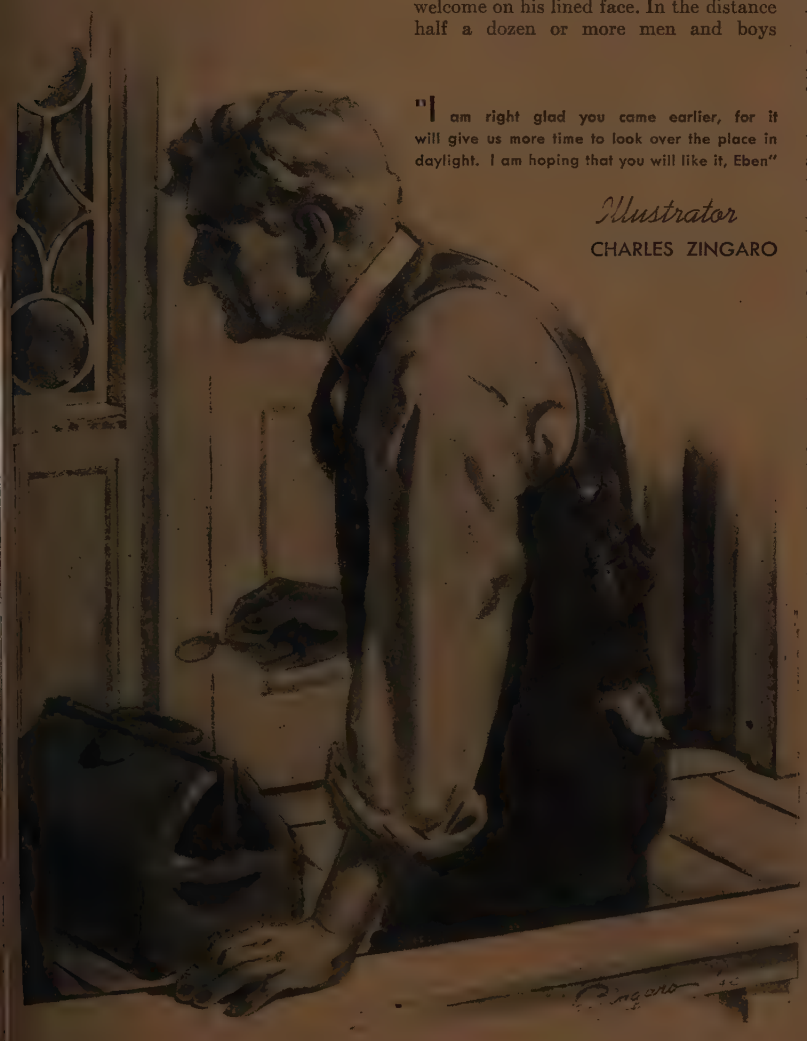
It was about a week later that a young man, evidently somewhat under the age of thirty, alighted from the accommodation train at Westford depot. He had not gone far on the road leading to the village when he heard a voice, the penetrating voice of a woman—"Better lock the house and barn good and tight tonight, Oscar. There goes Eben Trask."

The only visible sign that Trask heard the woman was a slight squaring of the shoulders and a tightening of the lips.

Oscar Poole, a well meaning farmer, tried to silence his wife, but without avail.

"He's a brazen one!" she cried. "I wonder when they turned him loose."

Eben pressed on, looking neither to the right nor the left. He did not slacken his pace until he turned in at old Dr. Torrey's gate. As he neared the house the front door opened and the doctor stepped out onto the piazza, a smile of welcome on his lined face. In the distance half a dozen or more men and boys halted, even as a pack of wolves halt when brought to bay.



"I am right glad you came earlier, for it will give us more time to look over the place in daylight. I am hoping that you will like it, Eben"

Illustrator
CHARLES ZINGARO

"Welcome to Westford, Eben!" greeted Dr. Torrey, shaking hands. "It is so very warm and pleasant, suppose we sit here on the piazza for a time." Then he waved him to a chair.

Eben tried to speak, but his tongue failed him.

"I was expecting you on the next train, and was planning to drive down after you, but this is better," continued the doctor. "I am glad that you came earlier, for it will give us more time to look over the old place in daylight. I am hoping that you will like it, Eben."

"There's no doubt about that, Doctor," replied Eben. "A—a man who has served time—"

Dr. Torrey held up a forbidding hand. "Not another word!" he commanded. "The past is a closed book. You have paid your debt to the State. We are now facing the future—not the past."

The passing of an hour found the doctor and Eben alighting in front of the old Trask house and a few moments later the doctor had led the way within.

"Why—why, it is all furnished!" exclaimed Eben. And as he spoke his frame was shaken as by a mighty sob. "All furnished!" he repeated thickly.

"Just some furniture that I picked up at an auction recently, Eben. Here are some dishes and kitchen utensils that will no doubt answer for the present."

"It is heaven here, Doctor," choked Eben. "The house is wonderful."

"I am glad you like it," said the doctor simply. Then he stepped to the door and looked down the road.

"And now out to the barn, Eben," called the doctor a moment later.

As they left the house the doctor again searched the road leading to the village.

The doctor rolled back the barn door, and laughing, said, "This cow represents the last of something like six hundred dollars that was burning a hole in my pocket, Eben—money earned by the Gammage boys. It was my share, as per agreement; but—well, a roadside stand is a bit out of my line." He chuckled and added, "Coming back to me as rent at the rate of ten dollars per month, the money will have cooled a deal." Then he excused himself and stepped out to the road, where he shaded his eyes with his hand. Then he returned.

"My—my cup of joy is full, Doctor," whispered Eben hoarsely.

"Not quite, Eben," declared the doctor, while an inscrutable smile played about his mouth.

Presently they returned to the house, and as they were about to enter Dr. Torrey once more searched the road and then hastily followed Eben within and closed the door behind him.

"No, Eben, not full as yet," said the doctor when they were seated. And as he spoke a mist dimmed his eyes. "Not

(Continued on page 48)

The story of the little Italian-American, brought to this country by an almost uneducated father and mother, who not only became a true American, but has made, and is still making, one of the finest contributions to civilized life in our nation

PATIENT PROSPECTOR

By

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

IF WE could only find out what makes one human being so different from another! Consider the Italian-born American, who has made one of the finest contributions to civilized life in our nation.

Angelo Patri came to this country in the '80's with an almost uneducated father and mother. There were hundreds of thousands of "aliens" pouring in at that time. One, a pale, delicate, Italian boy, brought to our rough-and-ready, scrambling, Anglo-Saxon life, elements of beauty and joy and tenderness which through his newspaper column have lifted family life in uncounted American homes to new planes of peaceful affection; which through his work as a teacher in an ordinary big-city school have opened the doors of free creative life to thousands of American children. His smiling, steel-strong love of life, his unpretentious willingness to be understood by the most bewildered parent or child—by what spiritual magic did this Italian-American boy develop traits which make his influence in and out of school like a benediction to hundreds of thousands of plain people? His father was just able to read. Yet he was in demand in the Italian quarter in New York to compose poems for boys to sing as serenades to their sweethearts. "He knew all the boys and girls, of course," Mr. Patri tells you. "When a boy would come to ask him to make up a serenade for a girl, Father would close his eyes for a moment then begin 'Rose of the morning, Gold of the sunrise, Core of my hoping. . . .'"

The division in his life is picturesque and unique. Most readers of his syndicated column know nothing of him personally. For them he is an invisible hand laid in theirs.

And on the other side, the 2000-odd children in the big public school where he has been principal twenty-seven years know nothing of his relation to an immensely larger world. To them he is only the white-haired principal of a school where they learn how to create beauty and interest from the life materials available to them—to anyone.

Although Angelo Patri arrived in New York when he was five, he really did not leave Italy till he was twelve, he tells you, so completely did the Italian immigrants of that period reproduce here their close-knit, clannish life. From twelve to twenty he became an American. At twenty he graduated from the College of the City of New York. At twenty-one he became an American teacher in the public schools. He says ruefully that he was bewildered and ill-prepared. But when the young Italian-American teacher was introduced into the educational test tube, a fusion took place like some of the astounding ones in chemical laboratories, which produce something entirely new. This new product was an intuition in the young Patri's mind of lamentable mistakes made by America in treating its children.

Perhaps the most wasteful one is the outrageous overvaluation of bookish brains. In the early Middle Ages people overvalued physical strength. Parents were proud of the boy with broad shoulders and thick thighs who could best wear armor and wield a sword. Fathers and mothers injected inferiority poison into boys who only had fine brains. And with these standards, the bridges of Europe fell down because no one knew enough to repair them, schools vanished, an intelligent feeling for human solidarity broke down into villainous small enmities, civilization withered for lack of brains.

Just so idiotically has our period overvalued those who can easily and quickly learn out of books, defeat others in athletic contests, or handle machinery. Just as wastefully have we darkened and daunted by contemptuous undervaluation the lives of children who have other priceless gifts. Our machine world is withering and starving for lack of what children with gifts not now in fashion could give us, if we gave them a chance. We go on neglecting and scorning children who cannot make a good showing in the kind of examinations now in favor, but who have gifts of personality which would regenerate our society if they

The pictures on these two pages show Angelo Patri surrounded by pupils of his school who are finding themselves by doing creative work of the sort which most strongly appeals to their adolescent minds

TIMES-WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

could only be developed intelligently.

In Public School No. 45, New York, is an educator who all these years has been opening doors to children who have those gifts. It is a big plain public school building on 189th Street near Fordham Road. Those who know New York will know what kind of region surrounds the school. And as for those who have never been there, no description would make them see it. Most of the people who live in those unending acres of monotonously similar, unlovely but not at all ramshackle buildings, have always been at grips with insecurity and uncertainty.

The children who go to P. S. 45 have for the most part taken up the New World dogma that only what you pay cash for has value, and have lost the Old-Country tradition of the human hand as creator of beauty and usefulness. They find it again as they enter Mr. Patri's school. In it are all kinds of "shops." When an American says "shop" he means, doesn't he, a place full of cogs and wheels and cams? None save the printing shop in P. S. 45 has what a Connecticut Yankee would call machinery. The shops are full of tools for weaving, printing, carving, gardening, painting, sewing, leatherwork—all the arts of the human hand.

One cold March day, when I went to see the school, I passed a largish garden plot in front. In it some boys were pruning and tying up rose bushes. Across the street was a playground crowded with boys wildly celebrating the arrival of spring by baseball. Of course, in a baseball-adoring country the great majority of boys are drawn by the suction of public opinion into playing it. What sets Mr. Patri's public school apart is that a few boys—eagerly, patiently, with calm intent eyes—were doing what they preferred to do, learning to be gardeners. As I stopped to watch them it seemed to me the spirit of the school stood by them, smiling.

When I stepped inside the building I had a surprise. You have all been in public schools, so you don't need me to tell you that the background was drab. But against it was color everywhere, bold splashing paintings, posters, tapestries, above all window-paintings—transparencies through which the reds and blues and yellows fell richly on the ugly brown walls and floors. Glancing in at this and that door, always I got the same impression, so strange in that desolate bare utilitarian quarter of the city—of joyous, confident creativeness. The subjects of the window-paintings were, I noticed, often religious. Some were bold flights to the very peaks—pictures of Jesus—of God, beneficent and powerful. With more emotion than I can put down on paper, I stood gazing at God as conceived and pictured by a 14-year-old boy brought up in a Bronx flat. Someone met me wandering, smiling to myself, and marveling, in the corridor and told me, "Oh, just go into Mr. Patri's room and sit down to wait. People always do that."

A tall boy and his father were about to leave. The Principal was turning around in his hands a wood carving of a seated old woman, bent, resigned, mild-faced. "A fine piece of work!" said Mr. Patri. "You must be proud of a son who can carve like that. May I keep it on exhibition here for a while?"

As they went out, the father's face was a study—uncertain, pleased, astonished. The boy was radiant. His eyes never left his father's, drinking in with the greediness of starvation the fact that his father was proud of him.

As intensely as the boy was gazing at his father, Mr. Patri was gazing at the boy's illumined face. His own shone with a quiet lambent happiness as rare in the faces of our era as—as heart-felt window-paintings of a beneficent God by rough-neck city boys.

After they had gone, the Principal nodded for me to take the chair next his desk and said—from his unsurprised accent one knew that it was a hundred-times-told story for him—"That boy came in at the beginning of the year, after seven years of failure. 'I can't learn anything,' he told me doggedly. 'My father says I'm no good. *I gotta low I. Q.* The quicker you put me out of here the better.'"

"But," I exclaimed, looking closely at the wood carving, "that's really *very* good work."

"Of course it is," said Mr. Patri, with unembittered patience.

I silently wondered what kind of I. Q. Donatello had had.

We stepped into the library—where every book with a white-paper label was one that had been rebound in the school bindery. The pupils there rebind all their own texts, doubling the life of the average book. And because they have spent so much time on it that it has become an unforgettable skill, they go on binding books after they leave school, sometimes making of the skill a steppingstone to wider living, like the boy from the school who paid his way through college by rebinding books in the college library.

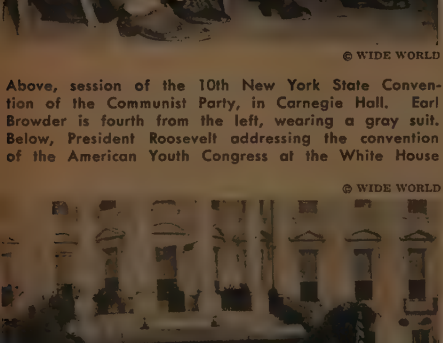
Mr. Patri and the librarian, glowing in satisfaction, showed me a new book just added to the shelves. It was hand-made, with hand-drawn illustrations, well-bound, very neat and shipshape. A book about how to raise and market rabbits. Not having any interest in rabbits, I saw no occasion for rejoicing till the librarian told me that the I. Q. of the boy who had made it was so low as almost to indicate "need for institutional care." That boy had *really* been "no good." He was not interested in any shop. He made the most awful work of reading and writing. He was disheartened, listless, a dead weight—is there one of us who does not despair of some such "dead weight"? P. S. 45 did not despair. Marking time, they sent him in, every day, to the library to dust the books. Alert to every sign of where the hidden gold of an interest in life might be, the librarian noticed that two or three times he stopped at the same place and took down the same book. Sauntering past, she saw him looking at an article on rabbits.

"Interested in rabbits?" she asked.

(Continued on page 50)

Democracy's Children

A Communist rally in Madison Square Garden, New York City



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Above, session of the 10th New York State Convention of the Communist Party, in Carnegie Hall. Earl Browder is fourth from the left, wearing a gray suit. Below, President Roosevelt addressing the convention of the American Youth Congress at the White House

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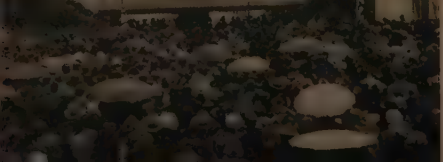

Part Two of this fascinating story of the experiences of a young man who joined the Communist Party because he believed they had found the way to end poverty—and of his bitter disillusionment

By Howard Rushmore

TO BE a good Communist, Russia's Lenin once said, one ought to dream. What he failed to add was, "One must also close his eyes to the world around him." The Communist lives in a little universe of his own: a world peopled with revolutionary leaders (including himself) to whom the "masses" always listen. Opposite ways of thinking are excluded from this mental empire and the old adage about repeating a lie until it is believed is certainly true of Communism. And out of this grim dogma is born a tenacity almost inhuman in its stubbornness; a loyalty to "the Party" which endures insult and hunger and often physical pain. Once having left the world of democracy, a Communist believes his only goal in life is the revolution somewhere in the future to which he looks so hopefully.

My first year as a Communist newspaperman in New York found me quickly absorbing that stubborn loyalty and I was ready to close my eyes to Red tactics I thought wrong. But two things took place next year that led to my ultimate resignation from the Communist Party.

The Party "abandoned" its anti-God program. The "educational campaign" against religion was only getting the Communists in hot water and they decided to shelve it temporarily (until the revolution as one of them said), and to "bore from within" the religious youth organizations. The few of us who had American background were assigned to join the Young Men's Christian Association to agitate for Communism under the slogan "Communism and Christianity both believe in the brotherhood of man." I had never accepted atheism, even after reading all the Party books on the subject, and frankly told the other Communists in the office that I still believed in the teachings of Jesus Christ. I mistook their silence for courtesy, thinking that these confirmed atheists actually

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The comfortable office of Earl Browder at Communist Headquarters, 50 East 13th street, New York. Note the pictures of Lincoln and Stalin on the wall

granted me the right to my opinion. The first Easter in New York I attended the Methodist Church and was pleased to hear a sermon, based on St. Mark, answering some of the acute social questions of the day. I enthusiastically conveyed the news to my editor. He looked at me and frowned.

"You actually went to church?" he said angrily. "I thought your remarks on Christ the other day were just romantic reminiscing."

"But I thought the Party was dropping its campaign against the church," I returned. "And anyhow I intend going whenever I feel like it."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You may go," he responded. "But I'm sure the Party doesn't want church-goers in responsible Communist positions such as yours."

While I was pondering this queer hypocrisy, another event occurred that dampened my idealist zeal. While I had been trying to close my eyes to certain mistakes I thought the Party was making, I was convinced that the Communists were all absolutely unselfish and would spare nothing for the cause. One day the business manager of the *Daily Worker* disappeared with the books and the bank account, the latter amounting to several thousand dollars. I was startled at this, thinking only in "bourgeois" business circles did such events take place. The comrades in the office laughed. "Every once in awhile somebody runs off with the money," they said. "We just expel them from the Party."

I had had two experiences, within a few days of each other, of hypocrisy and dishonesty. I had been led to believe that such things took place only in the "capitalist" world; that the Communists were above reproach mentally and morally. It was a cruel blow to a mind flooded with a zeal for changing the world; so a week later I asked if I might be assigned to do some organization work outside New York. That stubborn loyalty made me close my eyes again; I led myself to believe that I needed a change of air and that my imagination was magnifying the things I disliked.

I was assigned to North and South Dakota as an organizer for the Young Communist League. "Those farm strikes of 1932 show that there is a revolutionary spirit in the West," one of the Communist leaders told me before I left. "Stir up some strikes and demonstrations."

The farm strikes, I pointed out, had resulted in violence, and since the Party's program was against force I thought such events might do little to advance the cause of Communism. "Oh, you just organize the strikes and call it a United Farmers' demonstration or something. Then if there's any violence they can't blame the Communist Party."

That was bad advice for I knew these uprisings ultimately led to the imprisonment of the farm leaders and nothing was accomplished. But when I arrived in the Dakotas I found the farmers weren't "talking revolution." Instead they were busy organizing well-managed cooperatives and they let me know that the Communists weren't wanted. But I soon found myself busy with another task: the New York office wired me to organize a delegation of young farm people to attend the American Youth Congress sessions in Cleveland. "Get as many organizations represented as possible," the wire read "But be sure you can control the votes."

I soon had a dozen young people from the Farmers' Union and other organizations and we loaded up two cars and drove the long miles to Cleveland. I didn't let them know I was a Communist until the day before the convention opened. I expected a tirade of abuse, but instead they looked at me and said "We had it figured out you were."

It was my turn to stare open-eyed. "How'd you know. I never said anything about it."

A young Swedish farmer stood up and his eyes flashed. "Seems like only the radicals are interested in the young people nowadays. At home the old folks won't let us meddle in politics and when we ask them what's wrong with the system they just tell us to wait till we get older and then we'll know."

I realized then that before me stood twelve young people in the same state of mind I was in a few years before. They had weighed their adult leaders in the balance and found them wanting. I had done the same thing, yet standing before them as their leader, I suddenly wondered if I was capable to lead them; did I really have the answer to their questions.

They enjoyed the convention sessions. Resolutions were introduced demanding jobs for America's youth; peace programs filled the air. Hitler and Mussolini and Roosevelt were denounced; Stalin was praised to the skies. All the delegations from the many states were under some

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This picture shows Mr. Rushmore during the period of activity in "The Party," before he resigned. In the is his yellow press pass, issued by the Police Depart

Communist organizer's thumb and whenever a "nay" voice was raised against Russia or Stalin, the Communists whipped up their delegations to shout the speaker down. Twice anti-Communists were bodily ejected from the hall.

On the way back I was trying to recruit all of my Dakota delegates into the Young Communist League. There had been a meeting of Communist organizers after the convention and we were all instructed to make "good Bolsheviks" out of our young people. But several of them refused to join. I asked them why, remembering their enthusiasm for the "peace, jobs and security" program of the American Youth Congress.

"Sure, we liked the program," they said. "What young person wouldn't? But there wasn't much democracy at the Congress. Thought you Communists were the only defenders of democracy according to you?"

"We are," I said, rather meekly.

"Then why couldn't anyone vote against Russia?" they asked. "If a delegate didn't like Stalin, he had a right to say so, didn't he?" I gave the stock Communist answer to such questions. "Anyone who votes against Stalin is a fascist." The farm youth weren't con-

(Continued on page 55)

Our boy, who was Joan's classmate, thought people were unfair to her

TEN RULES FOR

What a Son Should Demand of His Dad

By FRANK HOWARD RICHARDSON, M. D.

I'VE tried being the unhappy, worried father of three adolescent sons; frankly, it wasn't any fun. What was worse, it was growing less and less enjoyable as time went on. Two years ago it had reached a point where I had to do something about it. So I tried the experiment of being a dad who gets along with his teen-age sons; and I've found it one of the greatest experiences I've ever known.

Don't think the change was an easy one to make; getting along pleasantly with any one, even when that one is the most docile of wives, doesn't come without effort. But when the one happens to be that most difficult person in the world to understand, your own son, and a teen-age son at that—well, nobody but a bachelor or a moron would call *that* easy. But it can be done; I know, for I'm doing it.

I've tried my best to analyze how I have changed from the "heavy father" I used to be, into a reasonable human being. As nearly as I can put them into words, here are some of the rules I've followed. They've worked in my case; see if they'll fit yours.

I. I'VE GIVEN UP THE IDEA THAT MY SONS OWE ME EITHER RESPECT OR LOVE, JUST BECAUSE THEY *ARE* MY SONS. I've learned that I must make my way with each of them from scratch, if I am to win his friendship, much less his love.

But don't I demand *any* respect from them? No; nor friendship, nor love, nor companionship, nor any other of those intangibles that cannot be requisitioned, but must be earned. Yet now that I have ceased to demand them, I see them popping out every now and then, and at the most unexpected times and places. And when they do come, I am delighted, no end.

Some time ago I suffered an accident that confined me first to my bed, and then made a crutch and cane necessary. Greatly to the surprise of all of us, the one of my boys who happened to be at the peak of his disparagement of his dad, constituted himself my attendant, nurse and general factotum. The only way I could displease him was by doing things for myself instead of calling upon him to do them for me, quite irrespective of the hour of the day or night.

But I need not have deluded myself with the fond thought that my troubles with him had vanished. Convalescence came in due time; and shortly thereafter I found myself back in my old familiar rôle again. But at least there had been a tiny rift in my cloud.

II. I TREAT EACH BOY AS AN INDIVIDUAL. Even though my sons' heredity and environment are the same, of course their personalities are not the same. What one of them considers an inalienable right, to be fought and bled for, another would not be bothered with; what one resents bitterly as an imposition, one of his brothers would not think of objecting to.

For example, there are certain chores that have to be done in every home; and ours in no exception. But assigning a piece of work to be done at a definite time, that one boy considers perfectly fair, irritates another intensely. He will do the job assigned him, but only if he is allowed to choose his own time for doing it. The third, more socially minded than either of his brothers, will work twice as hard if I say "How would you like to help me clean up the laboratory this morning?" than if I were to assign him a job to be done by himself.

Yet even though I have learned their differences, and remember them in assigning tasks, I find myself wishing for a uniformity that I should myself be the first to decry if they were to possess it. I complain when one of them goes ahead and does a job without finding out how I want it done. Yet I am every bit as displeased when one of his brothers hangs back and doesn't tackle his task because I have not given him detailed precise instructions concerning it.

III. I MAKE A POINT OF KNOWING THEIR FRIENDS, AND TAKE A REAL INTEREST IN THEM, even when I can't altogether approve of them. I've learned that at this age friendships come with shifting interests and changing schools, and go the same way—unless I am foolish enough to make them linger on by expressing dislike or disapproval. And it sometimes happens that a boy's judgment of his pals is keener and more discriminating than that of his elders.

Yes, my boys have what friends they

I donned my bathing trunks and did a swan dive on "Father and Son Day"

like. What's more, they never have to ask beforehand whether they can bring a guest home for a meal or even for over the week-end—in which respect they are more privileged than their dad! No guest of theirs is ever criticized, either; though he has to face a wordless appraisal that may be devastating.

The family and everyone else knew that Joan was an indolent, selfish, unaccommodating lazybones; but our boy who was her classmate thought people were unfair to her. We never expressed an opinion; we did not have to, after Joan allowed her hostess to make her bed and pick up the clothes she had left on the floor. She wrote her own ticket when she imposed thus on the boy's mother; and she never got another opportunity to "rate" with him.

IV. I DON'T "PAL" WITH MY SONS; not on the physical plane, anyway. I used to think I was making myself solid with them when I got ants down my back and sand in my food going on overnight hikes with their Boy Scout troop. Now I know I cannot fool these clear-eyed lads into thinking I enjoy such shenanigans. I'll never forget the aching muscles and the charley horse I developed scaling Mount Mitchell, nor the sore joints I earned sleeping on the cold, cold ground.

Last summer my three boys tried hard to make believe they were proud of me when I donned my bathing trunks and did a clean swan-dive with the best of them, on "father-and-son day" in camp. But somehow it did not bring us into any closer, finer relationship when, overstimulated by the crocodile praises of their friends, I essayed the jack-knife dive for which I used to be famous, and wound up with a belly-buster that woke the echoes and furnished good clean fun for both man and boy for the remainder of the camp season.

I don't believe my sons want to "pal" with me at this age, much as they longed for such companionship when they were little fellows. What they *do* want mightily is to be able to come to me freely for the kind of help and encouragement that a father, and no one else, can give them. They want to be able to confide in me, when they need a confidant. And, above all things else, I know they want to be able to respect me.

The son who had most disparaged his Dad appointed himself my nurse

There are plenty of fields in which we can be concededly their equals; and not a few in which they will frankly admit we are their superiors, when such is really the case. Perhaps I'm only kidding myself; but I honestly believe that all my boys concede that, much as I detest highway speeding, I can show a clean pair of heels to most of the drivers we slip past in traffic driving.

At least, they never fail to grin delighted appreciation of every dirty look we get from a taxi driver I outwit, or beat to the traffic cop's whistle. The highest accolade I ever received was the reply of my eldest to a guest who had innocently commented:

"Your car certainly has a wonderful get-away, hasn't it?"

Can you imagine my feeling when I heard him answer quite casually,

"*Any* car dad drives *always* has a wonderful pick-up."

Do you wonder that I flushed with pleasure?

V. I DON'T ARGUE; at least, I do my level best not to. Oh, we talk; our dining room rocks to the fate of nations and the clash of ideologies and codes of ethics, three times a day. But that's just conversation; it's as different from arguing, as boxing is from slugging with brass knucks.

I learned the futility of arguing when, after I had demolished my opponent with what I considered unanswerable logic, my son returned to the fray with undiminished ardor. Exasperated by his wrong-headedness, I burst out:

"Are you utterly dumb? Can't you understand what I've just explained?"

"Sure I can. But understanding isn't believing. You can't *make* me believe what I don't *want* to believe, no matter how much you talk or how loud you yell!"

That rather put the bee on arguing.

VI. I WATCH FOR THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT BEFORE CRITICIZING OR CORRECTING; watch, and if need be, wait for it. O yes, I correct them and criticize them, plenty. But I've learned to use the technique their mother employs so successfully with me. That is to say, I never make a correction at the time the faux pas occurs. I try to pick a moment when they are in the pleasantest possible mood before uttering a word of criticism.

A year in college had wrought sad havoc with the table manners of one of my crew. Parents of such sons will not ask me to specify; the things he did were so atrocious that I'd been unable to suppress a good many rather caustic comments, all of which had been without the slightest effect. Some indirect methods had proved equally fruitless.

A few weeks ago he was invited to spend a month in the home of a boyhood friend of mine he had always admired greatly but had never known at close range. Of course he was in the seventh heaven. In chatting about his ticket, his clothes, etc.—all questions brought up by himself—I casually remarked:

"There's one thing I'd like to mention that you may not care to listen to."

"Oh, go ahead; shoot. What is it? I can take anything, now."

"Well, it's just this. I happen to know that Mr. So-and-So is pretty snooty about good table manners. Why, even after the years we were buddies together in France, he'll look crosseyed at me sometimes when I pick up the wrong fork or use my napkin for a laprobe;" and we switched back to a discussion of alternative rail routes.

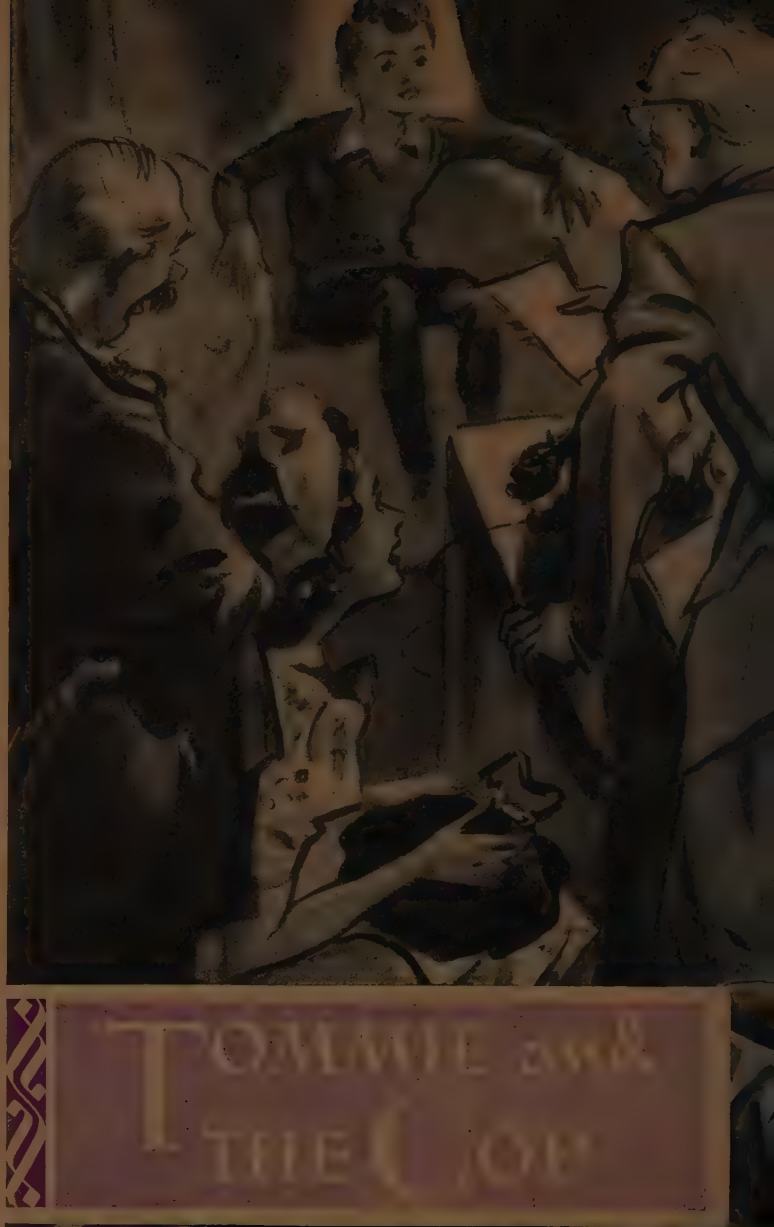
No, I wouldn't fool you; his manners didn't become Emily Post-ish that very day, and continue so until the end of the chapter. But I really do see some improvement already, and he hasn't yet started on his trip.

VII. I DON'T GIVE DIRECT COMMANDS. What? No commands? Hasn't a father a right to demand obedience from his own sons? To be sure, he has.

(Continued on page 48)

The story of a little boy who longed for the country, and the fortunate happening which enabled him to go there. By

E. SINCLAIR HERTELL



TOMMIE and the [illegible]

THE one-room flat on the third floor rear of the weather-beaten brick tenement was oppressively hot. Although it was only mid-June, there was a sultriness in the air which could have passed for August. Even with the flimsy white curtains removed from the single window which looked down on a courtyard strewn with boxes and cans, and the door open into the hall, there was hardly even a suggestion of a breeze in the humid room. Little Tommie Fiske, sitting on the edge of the cot, could hear the rumble of trucks in the nearby streets. Only a passing elevated train drowned them out occasionally. When there were neither elevated trains nor trucks, then he could hear children's voices, pitched high and shrill.

Tommie lifted his eyes from the rugless floor where he had been tracing cracks in the wood. He looked toward the window through which the noonday sun fell strongly. Mother had told him to sit there as much as he could with his back to the warm rays. She said it would help him get well again. The sun was a doctor, she said, and sent medicine in his rays, so he should sit there and let the medicine sink into his flesh. He had done that for a while, but it soon became too warm and he had gone to sit on the cot. What he really wanted to do was to go outside, down the street and round the corner. There, he knew the fire hydrant would probably be turned on, and he could take off his shoes and stockings and wade in the water which ran along the gutter. It was strange, he thought, how a little water around the feet made one feel cooler all over. But he did not want to go outside until mother had come home. She said she would be home right after noon. Then Tommie would know when he would be leaving for Mont Lawn for a vacation. They didn't need any fire hydrant there, he thought to himself. They had a swimming pool with grass and trees all around it. His mother had told him it was much nicer than the fire hydrant, but except for the green grass and the trees which would shade one from the heat of the sun, Tommie didn't know how anything could be nicer and cooler than the water which ran along the gutter from the turned-on hydrant.

Just as he was thinking of going to the window to get some more of the sun's medicine, Tommie heard steps coming up the creaky stairs outside the door. It sounded like mother, only the steps seemed a little slower. Just when he was about to decide that it was someone else, mother came into the room. She had taken off her hat and she was patting her forehead with her creased handkerchief. Between catchings of her breath, mother smiled faintly at Tommie.

"I sat in the sun a long time, muvver," he said, perhaps suspecting that she might wonder why he was sitting on the cot. "It got too hot."

"I know dear," mother said, putting her hat and her worn leather pocketbook on the table. "It is very warm."

"Did you see the lady?" Tommie asked as mother came and sat down on the cot beside him. "Did you see her?" he asked again not waiting for an answer.

Mother nodded her head slowly.

Tommie sensed something was wrong. "Muvver . . . ." he began.

Mother sighed deeply. "Too late,

Tommie," she said almost inaudibly. "And they haven't enough money to send more children this year. People are poor," she explained. "It costs money, dear, and people haven't given it. I'm so sorry. I was sure you could go. I wanted you to go so much and . . ." but mother's voice trailed off and she did not finish what she had intended to say. She just sat there beside Tommie and stared at the floor.

Tommie's heart sank. It was that strange feeling he always got when he felt hungry and there wasn't anything to eat until mother came home with some bread and milk in her arms. But the feeling left him as he looked up at his mother's face. It was the same look he had seen so often in the days following his father's sudden death last winter. It was the same look that he had seen through the long weeks when he lay ill on the cot and mother watched over him. There was something about the look on her face that made him feel differently. He forgot his own feelings in sympathy for mother. Slowly he reached out a hand and clasped one of mother's. He pressed her fingers tightly and smiled at her face.

"That's all right, muvver," he said in a voice which seemed never to leave his throat. "I don't want to go away. I want to stay here and look after you. You'd be all alone, muvver. You wouldn't like that, would you? You'd be awful lonesome, muvver, without me."

Mother smiled back at Tommie. She pressed his little hand within her own, swallowed hard, and smiled.

"That's right, dear," she agreed, trying to make it sound convincing. "You do have to look after me now that daddy has gone. I don't know what I would do without you."

Tommie felt much better then. So did mother. She got up from the cot and said it was time for lunch. Would he like a scrambled egg? They were good for him. Tommie said he would like one. And some milk, too? Yes, mother agreed, a glass of milk. And a little strawberry jam on bread? Tommie asked. Mother agreed to that, too.

"I'll sit in the sun," Tommie said, "while you get the meal."

"The sun is good for you outside and the eggs and milk are good for you inside," mother said. "Soon you'll be strong again. We've got to get those twenty pounds back."

"We can do it," Tommie said as he sat down on the floor by the window and let the sun beat on his little back.

"Of course, we can," mother agreed as she busied herself with the meal. She was thankful there were milk and eggs and bread and jam. There had been days when there weren't any, but since she had been working on that half-day job there had been plenty of nourishing food for Tommie. She was thankful for that, but even this did not wholly wipe out her disappointment that Tommie could not go to Mont Lawn. But she did not blame anyone. Times were hard, she knew, and besides, she had learned of Mont Lawn only a few days ago and too many others had got their applications in before her. Well, she thought, perhaps next year will bring better luck for the little lad.

"It smells good, muvver," Tommie said. "I think Heaven must be made of scrambled eggs."

Mother laughed. "It's made of nicer things than that," she assured him.

"It couldn't be," Tommie insisted, "there isn't anything nicer."

A week later Tommie was sitting on the curb thinking about nothing much of anything. Suddenly he realized that a boy on a bicycle nearly ran over his feet. "Hey!" Tommie yelled, half in imagined pain and half in warning. The lad on the machine leered at him as he veered sharply away. Just as Tommie was about to hurl a derisive remark at the vanishing figure, he saw something drop from the rider's pocket to the pavement. Tommie ran and picked it up. It was a long brown envelope, bulging until it almost spilled its contents. Tommie looked at it quizzically as he sat down on the steps of a tenement house. He noticed that it was almost open under the lightly-sealed flaps, so he stuck his smudgy finger in the openings and completed the job. Then his eyes grew large. Among pieces of paper he saw money. For a moment his heart almost stopped beating. Then it began to beat so fast and vigorously that it seemed it would break through his chest. Slowly a smile came over his face, and clutching the envelope tightly in his hand, he ran down the street to his tenement building, up the stairs and into the flat. He closed the door behind him and began to inspect the contents of the envelope. The green papers meant nothing to him, but the money meant a good deal. He took a bill from the others, stuffed it into his pocket, and then he hid the envelope under the thick and faded cushion of a chair. It was a safe place, he thought, because the chair was broken and no one ever sat in it. With the smile of intense expectation still glowing in his thin little face, Tommie ran downstairs and out into the street. He knew exactly what he would do. Poor muvver, out of a job and looking for another, and this was her birthday, too. He would have a nice surprise for her when she returned home. It would cheer her up and make her smile once again.

"It's a beautiful flower, Tommie," mother said with a perplexed look on her face, "but where did you get it? Tony didn't give it to you. He sells his flowers, he doesn't give them away. He has to sell them to make a living."

Tommie remained silent for a moment. He didn't like the pressure of mother's arm about him. Somehow or other it irked him this time. And mother's face wasn't as happy as he thought it would be when she saw the geranium, so bright and vivid and cheery. The gift hadn't made mother as happy as he thought it would. Why couldn't she accept it and admire it and smile again?

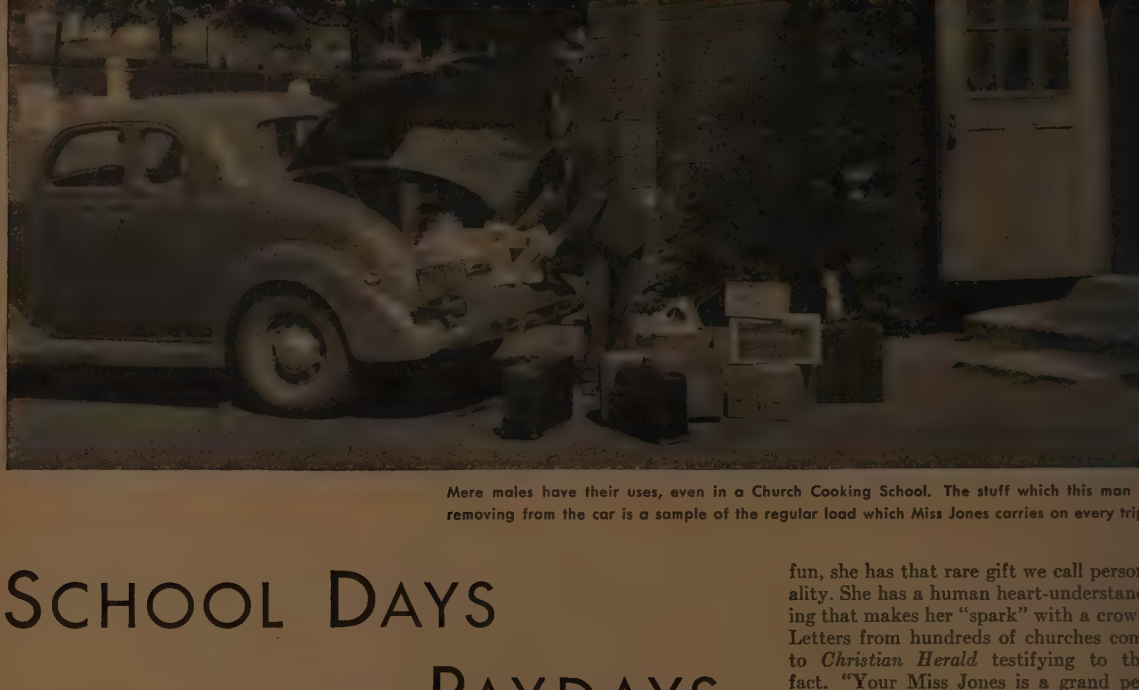
"You don't like it," Tommie blurted out and began to whimper a little.

"I do like it, darling," mother insisted. "It's the prettiest flower I have ever seen, only mother wants you to tell her how

(Continued on page 52)

As Tommie sat on the curb, a messenger boy on a bicycle nearly ran over his feet. "Hey!" Tommie yelled, half in pain, half in warning

Illustrator **HENRY LUHRS**



Mere males have their uses, even in a Church Cooking School. The stuff which this man removing from the car is a sample of the regular load which Miss Jones carries on every tri

SCHOOL DAYS *are* PAYDAYS

For Church Societies That Put on the Christian Herald Cooking School

By

CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

FOR eleven years Helen Evelyn Jones of the *Christian Herald* Staff has been traveling from church kitchen to church kitchen to talk about food. She has journeyed down East, down South, into the West as far as Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana. She has wheeled some 275,000 miles and met and talked to thousands of women and helped church groups add over $100,000 to their church treasuries. She has worn out five *Christian Herald* cars and six winter coats.

Coats and cars must be tough to keep up to Helen. That woman is a dynamo of energy. She thinks nothing of handling four cooking schools a week, occasionally five. She manages the arrangements, she does the cooking, the talking and sees that supplies are supplied. Often classes are scheduled from 75 to 200 miles driving distance apart. Helen is as reliable as an electric clock.

Helen's cooking schools are offered by *Christian Herald* as a church money-making idea for you. Advertisers supply the groceries. *Christian Herald* supplies Miss Jones and the plan. Your church sells the tickets. But no lackadaisical ticket selling is allowed. No church is permitted our Helen's time unless it assures us 100 adults will attend. Charge what you please, twenty-five to thirty-five cents, or don't charge anything; give the tickets away and take up a silver collection instead—we don't care how you do it but there must be 100 guests on hand. A five dollar fee goes to *Christian Herald*, and that is your only expense. You need not pay in advance, but give the money to Miss Jones at the close of the session. Tickets, programs, food, and Miss Jones herself are provided by *Christian Herald*.

So you are giving a cooking school? All the arrangements are made, the tickets sold. There is a job for your group on the day of days. Four or five women should be assembled at the kitchen to assist Miss Jones with the preparation of the food. Still another small committee should be assigned to act as ushers or hostesses, and assist with the serving. Your organization must provide the lecture room for the demonstration, the use of the kitchen and whatever gas and electricity is required.

What is this cooking school? Is it any fun? Do we make money? Is it for afternoon or evening? Well, we promise a rafter-rocking good time. Helen is fun, she has that rare gift we call perso ality. She has a human heart-understan ing that makes her "spark" with a crow Letters from hundreds of churches con to *Christian Herald* testifying to th fact. "Your Miss Jones is a grand pe son." "Miss Jones took like a millio with our folks." "Miss Jones is a ri of fun." "Helen Jones won the hearts all our women with her natural friendl ness and spontaneous laughter." That what a few of the hundreds have writte

Do you make any money? Ladies th is up to you. A few churches have bare broken even because their women didn cooperate and push the ticket-selling jo There are other churches where the coo ing school is given as a get-together a a small silver collection is taken to p the five dollar fee to *Christian Heral* No further attempt is made to ma money. But most churches desiring profit have cleared from $25 to $50. all, Helen has seen churches benefit the tune of $100,000 profit during h eleven years of work. Women say it money easily earned. Easier, they sa than giving a church supper.

What happens at a *Christian Hera* cooking school? Well, Miss Jones w arrive several hours in advance, wi her car jammed to the guards with h pet cooking utensils and miscellaneo supplies. Materials from manufacture are shipped direct to the committee cha man and are waiting—or should be when our lady cook appears. The fe fresh vegetables. Helen will order telephone the morning of the day.

The committee to assist Miss Jon must be on hand in the kitchen at 9: A. M. if an afternoon meeting is sche uled, or at two in the afternoon if evening program is planned. Helen, member, demonstrates some twenty o foods and in addition must prepare freshments for a hundred. Beehive a tivity is required for several hours

And this picture, above, shows what happens to the mountain of foodstuffs Miss Jones freights around in her car. Above is a class—with Helen, fourth from the right, in charge, and at right is Miss Jones in her "teacher's" costume

have everything ready. Helpers open groceries, fix the vegetables for salad, arrange the plates and cups. Refreshments, did we tell you, are served at the end of the lecture and these are prepared early. Nothing elaborate—hot bran fingers, beet luncheon salad, coffee and cake.

First on the program before opening her bag of cooking tricks Helen makes a molasses coconut cake using a special cake flour, margarine in place of butter and good old New Orleans molasses. All items in the cake—baking powder, coconut, orange extract, confectioner's sugar, brown sugar, are supplied by food manufacturers. We think you will want to try this recipe for your next club tea. Use the orange frosting made with margarine on this loaf or any cup cakes.

MOLASSES COCONUT CAKE

2¼ cups Sno Sheen cake flour (sifted before measuring)
2½ teaspoons Calumet baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ cup New Nucoa
1 cup Jack Frost brown sugar (firmly packed)
3 eggs
1½ cups Baker's Southern Style Coconut (finely chopped)
¾ cup sour milk or buttermilk
½ cup Brer Rabbit molasses

Cream together shortening and sugar in large bowl of Mixmaster and beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating vigorously about one minute after each addition. Add coconut. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together, alternately with milk and molasses, mixing well after each addition. Beat well after last addition only. Bake at a moderate temperature, 350° F., about 55 minutes. Frost with orange frosting. Sprinkle with coconut or chopped nut meats, as

ORANGE FROSTING

2 cups Jack Frost Confectioners' sugar
¼ cup milk
3 tablespoons New Nucoa
1 teaspoon Burnett's Orange Extract
½ teaspoon Burnett's Vanilla Extract
Dash salt

desired. Makes a 13 x 9 x 2 inch loaf.

Cream Nucoa, using Mixmaster. Add confectioner's sugar and salt alternately with the milk, blending until of right consistency to spread. Add flavorings and beat until smooth. Makes frosting enough to cover 9x13 inch cake.

Helen prepares a casserole with left over ham or tongue combined with ready cooked macaroni packed in cream sauce with cheese and this combined with canned or fresh mushrooms. The dish garnished with ripe olives, is quite the show piece of the day's culinary operations.

Helen makes herb jelly with a commercial fruit pectin, using a dry herb infusion with vinegar, sugar and coloring. Any herb—marjoram, tarragon or thyme—can be used in this manner. But Helen chooses sage, the herb easiest to get and a popular standby, the aromatic flavor quick to lend its goodness to a roast of pork or fowl. This jelly, a reproduction of the herb jellies of Colonial days, has translucent loveliness. Do try the recipe. It is a basic recipe to do a jelly-making job by any herb. Steeping the herb infusion is the first step. This brew we use as a part, or all of the liquid in the pectin formula. Tests prove that jellies made from fresh herb infusions have a slight lingering harshness. Those made from dried herb leaves are sweeter and sounder in basic flavor. With the exception of mint, all herb jellies need vinegar to be their best.

DRIED SAGE JELLY

1 cup sage infusion
¼ cup Heinz cider vinegar
3 cups Jack Frost granulated sugar
Burnett's Green Coloring
½ bottle Certo

Pour 1¼ cups boiling water over two tablespoons sage. Cover, let stand 15 minutes. Strain to remove herbs. Measure infusion into 3-quart saucepan, adding water if necessary to make one cup. Add vinegar and sugar and mix. Place over hottest fire and while mixture is coming to a boil, add coloring to give desired shade. Use coloring which fruit acids do not fade. As soon as mixture boils, add Certo, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard one-half minute. Remove from fire, skim and pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 4 medium glasses.

Women everywhere are coming to put the jell in jellies with a commercial pectin. In one meeting where Helen took vote, 112 farmers' wives were assembled and 103 used pectin for their jelly insurance. It saves time, they said. It makes for sure results, it makes more jelly with less fruit. Women know that it is the pectin in fruit that makes jellies jell. And they know, too, that every fruit contains a different amount. Some fruits have much, some little. Furthermore, as fruits ripen some of the jellying power is lost. Yet it is far from easy to judge the exact maturity. It has always been difficult to keep a delicate balance between pectin, fruit acid and the sugar, and if the balance is lost perfect jelly cannot be assured. No wonder the uncertainties of homemade jelly have been legion. No wonder women have relegated these risks to the past and accept the natural fruit pectin refined and concentrated to a definite jellying strength bottled as a liquid or packaged as a powder. By its use women can make perfect jelly and Helen shows them how. She gives suggestions for canning fruit juices without sugar, these to be used in winter for fresh fruit juice jellies. Colorful, quivering, flavorful jelly from any fresh fruit, dried fruit, bottled or canned fruit juice, all without bother, by the use of pectin.

Women accept one new product yet are notional about the next, Helen has

(Continued on page 45)

The Whys and Wherefores of TEACHING

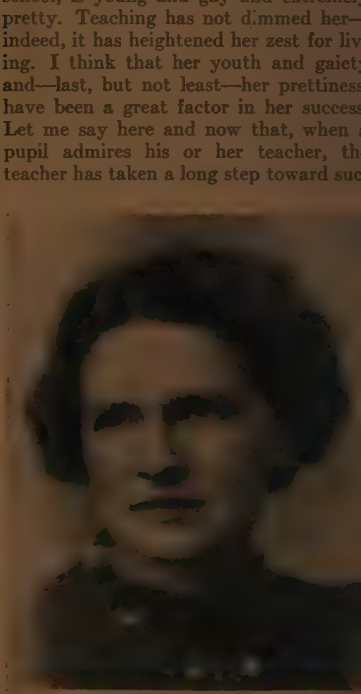
By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

PERHAPS, with vacation just around the corner, it may be a trifle unseasonable to discuss the whys and wherefores of teaching. School is out—at least it will be very soon—and a goodly number of young people are more or less bored with the subject. On the other hand, and to look at it from a practical viewpoint, vacation time is the best time in the entire year to take up the question of teaching as a profession. Young people who are graduating from school and college must build immediate plans if they hope to adopt a teaching career, and young people who are midway in some general academic course must lay a foundation during the summer months if they hope to prepare for pedagogy. As for those young people who have no pattern whatsoever for the future—well, perhaps this article may give them a few ideas!

Not that ideas are all you need if you look forward to becoming a teacher. To my mind a good teacher must have talent—talent spelled with a capital T. Teaching is not a hit-or-miss affair that is approached for want of a better and more fertile field of opportunity. Teaching is more than a job, you see. It is a trust—very nearly a sacred trust—and a teacher, to be adequate, must possess special gifts of both personality and character. Lives are given into a teacher's keeping—minds, in their most formative period, are opened up to the one who is privileged, as well as licensed, to instruct. Eager hearts and souls are behind the sometimes blank little faces that turn inquiringly toward the person who is seated at the desk of authority. It's awe-inspiring to realize that the fate of those lives and minds and hearts and souls is often in a teacher's keeping. A chance word, or a word that goes unspoken, may change a youngster's entire sense of direction.

When I write an article about some subject with which I am not on terms of complete familiarity, I like to go directly to a source of supply. To put it more clearly I always try to consult someone who is well acquainted with the facts of the case. In this discussion of the teaching business I didn't have to go far afield, for my own sister-in-law is a teacher. Lillian Sangster has had a wide experience—she has taught the elementary grades in grammar school and is now teaching in junior high school—and so it is only natural that she has known a complete cross-section of moods and emotions as well as subject matter. Furthermore she has always taught in New York City where the school system is—to say the least—comprehensive. Some of her classes were veritable melting pots of the races when she took them in charge. When she graduated those same classes, at the end of the school term, most of the pupils had become ardent little American citizens.

Lillian, despite the surprising number of years during which she has taught school, is young and gay and extremely pretty. Teaching has not dimmed her—indeed, it has heightened her zest for living. I think that her youth and gaiety and—last, but not least—her prettiness have been a great factor in her success. Let me say here and now that, when a pupil admires his or her teacher, the teacher has taken a long step toward suc-



Lillian, despite the surprising number of years during which she has taught in public schools, is young and gay and extremely pret-

cess and efficiency. Attractive clothes, neatness, an appealing voice and the ability to meet an adolescent on his own ground is at least seven-tenths of the battle. The thousands of children who have learned their three R's from my sister-in-law have also loved her. That, I think, has made learning a trifle less arduous for them. It certainly has made

(Continued on page 49)

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré Morrow

An artist's portrait of Mrs. Morrow, loaned by her publishers, Wm. Morrow & Co.

HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

Home at Last

By A. PENN MORROW

Editor's Note: We know that Christian Herald readers have been especially grieved to learn of the sudden death, on April 12th, of Mrs. Honoré Morrow. There seems to be no doubt that the arduous trip home, the story of which you have been reading and which is here completed by her daughter, Penn Morrow, had its effect on her resistance. Although it had always been her habit to stop in at the *Christian Herald* offices when in New York, this time she did not do so, but phoned us that she was resting at the home of her sister in New Haven.

We never saw her again. A weakened heart refused to carry on. The Pilgrim had reached the Land of Beulah. J. P. M.

BUT the young man had not gone off to Lisbon with our Clipper tickets for after our long wait, he finally emerged, smiled at us, and got into the cab. He told the driver, and so we gathered, to go to the station. We went up a long avenue, lined with leafless trees. On either side of this stood the remains of some three hundred houses, which had once belonged to the wealthy people of Irun; during the war; they had been destroyed by a fire which had swept the city.

The young soldier plumped us down at the station and washed his hands of us. We were really alone now. But again a magic word saved us. On the other side of the platform we saw the word "Wagon-Lits, Thomas Cook." Mother and I tore across and banged on the window. A pretty girl stuck her head out, and, in Spanish, asked us what we wanted. We replied, in English, that we wished to make reservations on the sleeper for Lisbon. She didn't seem to understand very well, so I tried some of my schoolgirl French on her. That worked slightly better, and we got as far as discussing the price. There I fell down completely; and by this time we had a small audience. One of them stepped forward, and offered in very good English to help us. Mother explained what the trouble was, and then there broke over us a perfect flood of Spanish. Anyway, we left the station with the tickets for our sleeping compartments.

This kind man then asked if there was anything else he could do for us. We told him that since we had to stay at Irun until eleven o'clock that night, we would like to stay at a hotel, if there was one in the town; that we were very hungry; and that we should like if possible to get some rest. He took us to the railway hotel, and told the landlady that we had to wait for the night train to Lisbon and that we wanted a room and board for the day. As we were saying goodbye, we asked him why he had been so kind to us. He replied that he had been in America many years before and that we, as a nation had been so kind to him that he tried whenever possible to repay this kindness.

We walked wearily upstairs, and were shown into a clean room, from whose window we could see the hazy Pyrenees mountains, which we were to cross that night. It was a lovely warm day and it seemed impossible that only a few months before this country had been racked with war.

We went downstairs for lunch. The least said about the meals we ate in that hotel the better. My only memory is that everything was covered with thick, opaque sauces.

Eleven o'clock finally came and with it the train. We got in, and the porter showed us our compartments, which if not so elegant and new as our French ones, were very clean and comfortable. We went straight to bed. The train was packed with soldiers, moving from one part of the country to another, most of whom slept on the corridor floors the whole night. It didn't seem to bother them in the least when we crawled and stumbled over them, and we decided not to be embarrassed by Spanish señors gazing on us in our dressing gowns.

We arrived at Salamanca at eight-thirty next morning and there we were

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EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ESTABLISHED 1878

"KEEP America Out Of War!"

TODAY all about are ominous signs. The American scene is filled with moving, sinister figures who hide behind, or would organize to their purpose, the overwhelming majority of the American people who are sympathetic with the cause of the Allies. They would have us march. They would bring about a situation making almost inevitable our participation in the present armed conflict in Europe. With these are others whose sincerity is above question but who believe that again we should send our sons and ships overseas.

We are not and cannot be neutral in thought. We may and should take ourselves out of Japan's war against China. We may and must give in multiplied millions to relieve human suffering on all fronts. We are challenged to a sacrificial, great part in organizing the peace. But we are determined not to repeat the mistake of another generation. We have learned the lesson of war's futility, and, God helping us, we shall profit thereby.

We went into one war to save democracy. We must stay out of this war or we may lose democracy altogether. We must stay out of this war to finish the stupendous task with which we are here engaged. We must stay out of this war to preserve and strengthen democracy for ourselves and others. We must stay out of this war to save ourselves that we may serve others.

We went into one war to end war. We must stay out of this war if we would help achieve that end. We must stay out of this war if presently we would make our sacrificial contribution to a lasting, just peace. We must stay out of this war if we would avoid the hate and intolerance, the war madness, that has never yet failed to dictate a peace of vengeance which has been always the beginning of the next war.

THE choice is not easy. Immediately it is harder than to choose war. We shall be tragically misunderstood. Those whose interests are so largely ours and whose sons are dying will judge us as selfish and craven. But truth can afford to wait. Time alone is competent to judge so great a matter and history will write the judgment down. Today our moral courage must be greater than any physical ordeal, or human freedom may be lost for a hundred years.

A national political campaign is soon to open. Already partisans in Congress have invoked the usual formula of "point with pride" and "view with alarm." We are in for another medley of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." But above the tumult and the shouting of the captains small and great, the voice of the American people has been heard, heard with rising fervor and commanding purpose—"Keep America Out of War."

That voice cannot be silenced with evasive answers or by general platform declarations. Nor can its purpose be satisfied with uncertain candidates. Of these the candidate is the most important. What is his record? What is his experience? What is his philosophy of government? Is he of proved intellectual integrity and, in so far as may be judged, does he think peace?—for to think is to be!

All things else fully regarded, only the man who by every reasonable test and on his record for keeping faith, gives to the American people their best hope that to the absolute last he will "keep America out of war," qualifies now to be President of the United States.

The American Republic has found within itself the great one for every past crisis. These times demand another leader, providential as Washington and raised up as was Lincoln. He may be humbl born or a son of privilege. He may b from the North or from the South, fro the East or from the West; but he sha become the chosen one of all the peop and the servant of all. He is now a Dem crat or a Republican, but he may b come another savior for the nation.

Only an immediate, dynamic sac ficial program to help win the peace c keep us out of this war. Already we ha waited too long, but it is not yet too lat

DANIEL A. POLING.

(Next month Dr. Poling presents on th page "Our Immediate, Sacrificial Progra for Peace.")

Honoré Morrow

HONORÉ MORROW, understanding hea and radiant mind, has gone ahead, but is waiting just around th corner. She returned from her belov Devon, from the dear house and gent people she taught us all to love, with very tired body and a spirit unafra though wearied of man's inhumanity man. She came, as we have read, Cherry Hill and to her sister. There s rested and was content, as she thoug to be ready for the work that lay ahea But she did not recover strength; pr ently she was definitely not better a quickly at the last she was gone fro time and space. But she is not away!

Honoré Morrow was the most wide read of all our *Christian Herald* contrib tors. In our recent "sampling," ninet two per cent of those who replied, wro her name upon the ballot. We shall m her from these pages.

I think that her great novel is "Sple dor of God;" her Lincoln trilogy is t best in its field; and there has not be a finer historical novel in this generati than "Let the King Beware."

Hers was an orderly mind, a co scientious, tireless pen, and always s dreamed of yet greater things. She w in the pioneer tradition of America. W had the West together, but England, t —the hills and moods of Devon we to her "Return!"

Finally, let it be written that h character is best described in these i mortal words: "And now abideth fait hope, love, these three; but the greate of these is love."

DANIEL A. POLING.

Serial by Honoré Morrow Starts in July Iss

IN THE July issue we will begin pub lication of one of Honoré Morrow finest historical novels. Based on t life of Marcus and Narcissa Whitma and dealing with the winning of Oreg for the United States, it is as Americ as was Mrs. Morrow herself, and a vivi dramatic story besides. Don't miss t first instalment.

SUMMER VACATIONS

By John Graham

Some charming summer scenes in Vacation-land. Left to right, sunset at Canadian Keswick; porch of typical summer cottage; fun for the children; and the park at Winona Lake

BILLY SUNDAY missed the fly. From the crack of the bat against the ball, he knew just how far back he had to go, but he didn't quite make it. Ten years earlier, he would have gotten it. But even so, Winona Lake fans went wild to see the gameness of his effort.

Year after year, the great ball player-evangelist came back to his summer home at Winona Lake and played in the outfield on the home ball team.

Billy Sunday's home at Winona Lake

My first summer at Winona Lake was a great experience. It gave me a new idea of religion. Nothing stuffy about it.

In the inspiring atmosphere of the beautiful conference-vacation grounds, what more natural than a swim before breakfast? After breakfast, off with the crowd to family worship and after that on to fishing or tennis.

The evenings were never dull. Whoever planned the programs did a good job. Wilbur Chapman impressed me deeply. But there's one man I'll never forget. I think his name was Stewart. He was the funniest man I have ever heard on the platform. The crowd almost went into hysterics. And he was a preacher. Think of it, a preacher on the platform as the humorist of the season.

And then to bed. What a day!

It all gave me a new outlook on life. Here was a kind of religion that was new to me. Thousands upon thousands can tell similar stories. It could have been the same if it had been Northfield, Lake Geneva, Canadian Keswick, Estes Park, or any of the other great Christian conferences.

I feel sorry for the folks who have never been able to visit these Christian summer resorts. They are wonderful places to renew the health of body, mind and soul. The programs and equipment of every one of the scores of conference centers are built to do that very thing.

Most of them are best known and publicized as places for great religious conferences or outstanding Bible schools.

But wise are the parents and happy the children who have discovered that these religious resorts are ideal vacation spots. Most of them have every facility for wholesome fun—boating, swimming, golf, tennis, croquet, horseshoe pitching and supervised playgrounds for children.

I think that every parent who is anxious to have the spiritual life of the children develop right along with mind and body is agreed that summers can either make or break this program.

There are usually facilities for all purses—trailer camps, camping grounds, tents, cottages, moderate and higher price accommodations, ranging from $15 to $35 per week per person. And what food! I don't see how the managements can satisfy such appetites, but they do.

Westminster Hotel, Winona Lake

In the last decade there has been phenomenal growth in attendance at such summer religious centers. They have become one of the very foundations of the spiritual life of our nation. It's the ideal place for an ideal vacation.

If you wish to know more about these delightful vacation paradises, just write to *Christian Herald* for a list of resorts in your part of the country, with their summer programs.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

JUNE, 1940

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YE

SATURDAY, JUNE 1

SUMMER SPLENDOR

"HEREIN IS MY FATHER GLORIFIED."
READ JOHN 15:1-8.

WHAT is more glorious than a June day? The fresh green of lawns, meadows, and leaves, the scent of flowers, the gorgeous colors of the roses, the beauty and freshness of the landscape, have inspired poets of all times. Yet, prosaic enough, it is all a matter of cause and effect. The earth has simply obeyed the laws of Nature and cooperated with the great Creator. Chill rains, hard frosts, melting snows have their part in the scheme, just as the warm sun. Life and loveliness are the result. Have you realized that life's providences may also yield beauty and fruitfulness of soul?

"God sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joy and pain alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment."

SUNDAY, JUNE 2

HIS DAY—AND OURS

"COME YE APART AND REST."
READ MARK 6:30-34.

PEOPLE spend the Sabbath in various ways. It should be a day set free from the daily grind, the monotonous routine, the harassment of life's burdens. Like children liberated from school, some just follow their own bent. "I always spend my Sundays," said one business man, "in settling my accounts." That is precisely what he will be doing on the judgment day. So must we all render an account to God. There is no reason why the secular should intrude on the Sabbath. There is every reason why it should not.

Lead us this day nearer to Thee. Give us a truer view of life. Reveal Thyself to our souls. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 3

THE GLORY OF THE COMMONPLACE

"THAT MEN MAY SEE YOUR GOOD WORKS."
READ MATTHEW 7:15-23.

A FARM laborer and his wife, a potato field, a wheelbarrow, a sack and a spade, what could be made of them? They are commonplace indeed. Yet Millet's genius touched them into sublimity. Add a church steeple in the distance, and the glint of sunset, and he gives us "The Angelus." The bells sound solemnly over the land. The peasants' heads are bowed in reverence. There is no incongruity in prayers in a potato patch. So while the Sabbath means worship, all service can be transformed from secular to sacred by love to Christ. Where can we glorify Jesus better than in life's duties?

O Thou, who didst know the toil of the carpenter shop, aid us to show our love to Thee in our labors, and let our light shine. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4

BE COURAGEOUS

"ENDURE HARDSHIP AS A GOOD SOLDIER."
READ II TIMOTHY 2:1-7.

WE NEED a new baptism of courage, such as that which nerved the Apostles for their glorious crusade against godlessness. Are we growing soft? Recall what Garibaldi said to those who were striving for freedom: "Citizens! What I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle, and death; the chill of the cold night and the heat of the burning sun; no lodgings, no munitions, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous watch-posts, and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries. Those who love freedom and their country, follow me." Do we love Christ with our lips, our hearts? Then if with our hearts, let us endure all for His sake.

Fire Thou our hearts with new devotion to Thee. Let us not grow weary in well-doing nor slack in Thy service. For Thy sake, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5

BACKBONE

"STAND FAST IN THE LORD."
READ EPHESIANS 6:10-20.

TRUTH comes out in curious ways. A boy reading about Daniel, got the passage incorrectly. He used the word "spine" instead of "spirit." That made it read, "An excellent spine in him." A Scotsman was expound the same story to his friends. "W didn't the lions eat him? I'll tell It was because he was three parts ba bone and the rest gristle." Well, t may be somewhat crude, but backbone, the fear of man, the cra silence which limits our usefuln would pass. And Christ would find us loyal and courageous champions.

Strengthen us with might by Spirit in the inner man, that we love Thee, O Lord, with all our so Through Thy grace, Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6

LIFE'S ABSURDITIES

"WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD."
READ MATTHEW 7:24-29.

WHEN we try to live without G on whom we depend for life; when seek to do our duty without His h when we try to build the soul's ref from material things; these are am life's absurdities. Some years ago, British Parliament, sanctioned rebu ing a certain jail. As an econo measure, the new place was to be b with the stone of the old build Meanwhile, the prisoners were to kept in the old jail until the new was completed! No one apparently that prisoners could hardly be kept a demolished building. Absurd? not worse than the points we have ci

Save us, O Lord, from the folly unbelief. In Thy divine grace may all confide, that we may find in T strength. For Thy name's sake, Am

FRIDAY, JUNE 7

KEEP FACING IT

"LET THINE EYES LOOK RIGHT ON
READ PSALM 56.

IN ONE of Conrad's mighty stories there is a ship in a terr storm. The captain is giving inst tions to the men at the wheel, and says, "Keep facing it. Keep her h on. That's the only way." So life's troubles. The tendency to ev them, to find escape in dubious am ments, is not only pathetic; it is

futile. We cannot run away from our worries, because we cannot run away from ourselves. Yet courage will work wonders. Have you noticed how a cat, confronting a barking dog, will veer and turn, always keeping it right before it? So with every trial, difficulty, disagreeable duty—keep facing it.

Make us brave, O Father, for nothing can touch our lives without Thy permission. For Christ's sake, Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8

NOT GENIUS, BUT GRIT

"LINE BY LINE, PRECEPT ON PRECEPT."
READ ISAIAH 28:9-13.

NAPOLEON argued that victory depended on some brilliant idea, flashing instantly through the commander's brain. That is only partly true. Had there not been constant attention to his staff work, to the equipment and personnel of his armies, all the clever ideas in the world would have been useless. So it is not by some swift coup that the powers of evil will be overthrown, but by the consecrated effort of enlightened, Spirit-guided men and women, and the daily, unwearied effort of those who love the Christ. He will do His part. Can He count on us doing ours—every day?

Not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit shall the conquest of the world be accomplished. Help us each to be faithful to the full. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9

WHAT COMES FIRST?

"SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD."
READ MATTHEW 6:27-34.

IS IT hard to put Christ first? Not if we have fervent love for Him. When John Wesley sought his mother's consent to his crossing the ocean to Georgia, she said, "If I had twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were so employed, though I should never see them more." That was her spirit. What wonder that her two sons, John and Charles, gave themselves without reserve to the glorious Gospel? They felt their debt to the Redeemer; but it was their love to Him which was the mighty motive of their service.

"Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

MONDAY, JUNE 10

GOD'S "NO."

"NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE."
READ LUKE 22:39-46.

BECAUSE we do not get what we pray for, just in our own time and way, that does not mean our Father does not answer our prayers. A little child, looking forward eagerly to a picnic the next day, was teased by her uncle (who ought to have known better!)—"But suppose it's raining tomorrow?" "It won't," said the maiden confidently. "I've asked God for a fine day." The following morning it was raining heavily. "Well," observed the man, "I thought you asked for a fine day." "So I did," replied the child, "but God said, No. But He knows best." Can a child's faith surpass ours? Or can we unmurmuringly leave the choice with God?

O Thou Father of all wisdom, even though we cannot fathom Thy purposes, let Thy love be sufficient explanation. Through Christ, Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11

LIFE'S SUPREME AIM

"THAT CHRIST MAY BE MAGNIFIED."
PHILIPPIANS 1:20-30.

THE passion of Sir Isaac Newton's life was science. He spent every available hour with his instruments. With William Lloyd Garrison it was the emancipation of the slave; nothing else mattered. For John B. Gough it was to free the drunkard from his bondage. But with the Apostle Paul, as also with Count Zinzendorf, it was the glorious Gospel of Jesus. That Christ might have pre-eminence, that He might be magnified whether by life or death, that He might have, not the fragments of life, but its best years and noblest endeavor, seemed the least that could be offered. What is our aim?

In that Thou didst give Thy dear Self for us, help us to dedicate our powers of mind and heart to Thee, that Thou mayest be the passion of our souls. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE

"NO MAN . . . LOOKING BACK IS FIT."
READ GALATIANS 4:1-10.

THAT heroic quest of Livingstone made Stanley famous. A boy, reading of Stanley's struggle through the African jungle was asked his opinion. "Well," he said, "I keep thinking, if I'd been Stanley, how often I would have turned back." Of course, he could not have turned back more than once. But the temptation to do so must have been present many times. Have you thought how much there was to justify our Lord in giving up His mission? He gave kindness; He met ridicule and abuse. He helped men; they hindered Him. He stretched out His hands in mercy and healing; they nailed those hands to a cross. Dare we fail Him who did so much for us?

O Christ, who didst endure the cross, despising the shame, forgive our poor loyalty, and make us strong, Through Thy grace, Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13

FOR WANT OF A NAIL

"THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS."
READ MATTHEW 25:31-40.

YOU recall the old jingle? "For the loss of a nail, the shoe was lost. For loss of the shoe, the horse was lost. For the loss of the horse, the rider was lost. For the loss of the rider, the message was lost. For loss of the message, the battle was lost. For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost. And all for want of a nail." Christ stressed the importance of the seemingly trivial. A paltry sparrow proved a beneficent Providence. A mustard seed showed the Kingdom's growth. A cup of cold water expressed discipleship. And simple acts of kindness, done in His name, are crowned with His, "Inasmuch." Let not a day pass without using your chance no matter how small.

Blessed Lord, inspire us to be faithful in that which is least that we may lose no opportunity of serving Thee. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14

ON TAKING OUR EASE

"SOUL . . . TAKE THINE EASE."
READ LUKE 12:16-21.

AN ARCTIC explorer found disaster threatening in a strange guise. The party was in search of the Franklin expedition. But one night, overcome by fatigue and unable to pitch their tents, the men sat down in the snow, too weary to do another thing. All they asked was to be allowed to sleep. The leader knew what that meant. They would never wake. Words proving useless, he rained blows upon each man. Finally they became so infuriated that they were aroused to action. The expedition was saved. Are we letting go or growing slack? That means not only losing the goal, but also breaking faith with Christ. "Awake, thou that sleepest."

Thou hast done so much for us, O God. Grant us grace to do our utmost for Thee today, Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

UNSELECTED RISKS

"LET HIM TAKE HEED LEST HE FALL."
READ I CORINTHIANS 10:1-13.

ONE of Peary's men, who accompanied him to the North Pole, was drowned after reaching home. A canoe in which he was sailing capsized. After

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Above is the Country Preacher, surrounded by the surpliced choir from which he derives so much pleasure

By George B. Gilbert

FORTY YEARS A Country Preacher

PART NINE

DAY IN, DAY OUT

"WHAT my husband would ever have done without that sulky (riding) plow you brought him, I don't know. He was hardly able to get around at all before he got it," said one of my neighbors. But with that plow he got around not only to doing his own plowing, but a lot of neighborhood plowing as well.

On the old Vermont farm we had a pump that brought up soft rain-water from the cistern in the cellar to the kitchen, but for all our drinking and cooking water, we had to go down cellar and lug it up those cellar stairs in tubs and pails. It was a nuisance.

When I began earning money, one of the first things I did for mother was to put in another pump at the other end of the kitchen sink with a pipe running down cellar, to the drinking water. What a help that was to her! How many tons and tons of water had been lugged up those stairways by generations of women and children. According to an investigation made over in Litchfield County, in one year one woman carried thirty-six tons or 72,000 pounds of water from the outside well into the house—some ten pails a day.

Did you ever hear about the old Yankee who did something, indeed, for his wife who had lugged so much water? He had a lot of money fall to him so he said, "Mary, you've lugged water all these years and now I've got some money, so I'm going to do something for you." He did. He got her another pail, so she could carry two pails instead of one.

In Ludwig's book, "The Autobiography of The Nile," it says that the water bucket has been the enslaver of the human race. I have gone about my parish domain determined that my people, at least, should not be so enslaved by it, if I could help it.

At top, the Parson's fireplace. Below is Mr. Gilbert engaged in one of his many occupations—cutting hair for a young man of his acquaintance

Going along one day I saw a young girl fetching a pail of water from 'way down by the edge of a woods. I pulled up at the house, and went inside to make a call.

"Doesn't that pump work?" I asked.

"Oh, no. It hasn't worked since we lived here."

"May I look at it?"

"Of course. Do anything you want to with it. It's no use to us."

I found that it was a pitcher pump made in Middletown, and all it seemed to need was some leather packing. I got some wrenches from the Ford and took the pump off and carried it home with me. The next time I went down that way I put the pump on, primed it with water, and, to the great amazement of the family standing around, water came right out of its mouth. The cost was twenty cents.

One night, after leaving the old church in Killingworth at dusk, in the rain and fog, I saw a small boy cross the road in front of the horse. I noticed that he had a small water pail in his hand, which reminded me that there was a spring in the bushes beside the road. Although I had twenty miles to go that night, I blanketed the horse and went into the boy's house. There was a large family of children, and this little fellow was trying to get up water enough for the washing the next morning, as he would have to trudge off to school early. I took a large kettle and he and I went back and forth, back and forth, till we filled the boiler, all the kettles, and all the wash tubs in the house. The father was away from home, off working at a sawmill job somewhere.

What a strange and indescribable ecstasy seemed to come over me that night, as I started the long trek home in the fog and the rain. Few and far between are the times vouchsafed to mortal man to rise to a sort of transfigured height and feel the unsearchable riches of the indescribable Presence. When one walks with the need of the world and its burden seems too crushing to bear, then, and then only, can one taste of that unspeakable joy that passeth all understanding.

One might well have thought that I was in the plumbing business one Sunday when I started out for church with twenty-eight feet of two-inch galvanized pipe tied to the side of the car. I had also a fine pendulum pump and a four-foot sink. These went to a family with nine children, and I know, for a fact, that that pump lasted for thirteen years.

I discovered that it wasn't always enough to get water into a house—in some houses you had to provide something to put the water in, once you got it there. Kettles for a stove were often as much a help as the stove itself, to a harassed mother. So as Christmas presents one year I gave each of three families a copper tea-kettle. One of them I rescued from a dump; it had been thrown out as useless, but I patched it and polished it up until it looked brand-new and I gave it to a family with eleven children. The mother has used that kettle for years, for everything from oatmeal to beef stew. I never see her but she mentions it.

A mother with a big family of children on a farm with no conveniences can't stand the strain long; they crack up in a hurry. I've felt sorry for them, all my life; I resent the fact that rich city women with nothing to do always get a good long vacation but the poor farm woman with too much to do gets no vacation at all. Years ago I got sick and tired of seeing such overworked farm mothers kiss their babies goodbye and turn their faces to the wall and die. That's why I've given so much thought to providing the common necessities for them.

Take the matter of chairs in a big family. It's terrible not to have enough chairs for the family to sit down all at once, and we've rescued a lot of chairs out of church basements for just such families. Any preacher with a boy's club in his church will have plenty of damaged chairs. In the kitchen of one home I placed a church pew against the wall. Thinks I, if I can get them used to a church pew in their own house, they'll feel more at home when they come to church!

Then too, many of these big rural families do not have large enough tables so that the whole family can sit down together to a meal. I am sure there is not a family on my whole circuit without such a table today. The majority of them come from one of our parish houses. These dining room extension tables have no business in a small church parish house anyway. Give them away, and put up tables, instead, that have screw-in iron piping legs that can be folded against the wall when not in use. Then the young folks can have space to play games. Then your Sunday School and choir will grow bigger instead of smaller.

How trying it is to an overworked mother to have a miserable old stove, all burned out, with a crack through the oven top to let the ashes down on the bread and a front door damper broken so there is no way to control the heat!

There is no way of telling how many stoves we have given out, to correct just such situations as this. Living near a city, as we do, we can go around among the hardware stores and find real bargains in stoves that have been taken in exchange. The managers want to get these stoves out of the way, so we can get them for five or ten dollars.

One time George Junior went down country sixteen miles with a cook stove for a family that had had ten children. They took the old stove out and set the new one up. Then a boy was dispatched to the woods for dry bark and twigs to see if the stove would draw. It roared to perfection. Someone slipped out to look at the chimney—it was all afire, and the roof had caught fire too. So they doused all three fires with water, and George came home declaring the whole trip a grand success.

It certainly gives one satisfaction to see fresh, brown loaves of bread pulled out of one of these ovens. And when a minister sits down in a chair he has painted himself, at a table that used to be in his parish house, and drinks tea made from the water heated in a bargain kettle he bought over in town, on the stove that came down in his trailer, he feels at home, to say the least.

And what a help a baby carriage is to

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A Sermon By

EDWIN McNEILL POTEAT

DISLOYALTY

☆

FEW subjects are more fascinating than the study of words. Accidents have befallen nearly all of them and the result to some is a disfiguring beyond recognition, and to others beautification beyond their right. How this good or evil fortune comes into the life of a word may be seen by way of illustration in the way an insignificant prefix can back up to an assertive and self-satisfied word and by attaching itself to it, reduce it either to meaninglessness or to contradiction. "Construct" is a stout, dependable word; but when the syllable m-i-s is prefixed, it becomes endlessly mischievous. To judge is to render a decision on the basis of fact; to pre-judge is to render a decision in contempt of fact. The width of difference between judgment and prejudice is the width of a prefix.

We are interested today in a word that has suffered a minor injury by the assault of a prefix. D-i-s is not a malignant syllable since it is content merely to suggest the lack of something. Not infrequently, of course, the lack creates a new word that finally stands positively on its own pedestal. Observe dis-cuss, for example. The second syllable is derived from a Latin word that means "to crush," or "to shake off." Adding the prefix d-i-s suggests the lack of crushing. Hence "discuss" means to treat without crushing, or—as we say—by the use of reason. One might indulge the impulse to moralize at this point and say that when the word "discuss" came into currency in our parent tongue, it marked a significant spiritual advance in human relations.

But the word that engages us here is *disloyalty*, and this, as yet, has not achieved a positive character. It still means a lack of loyalty, and for that reason possesses no particular vitality of its own. The armies of Republican Spain were called the Loyalists; but Disloyalists does not occur to us as a proper designation for their enemies. They were Rebels or Insurgents, meaning that they were loyal to the rebellion they carried on, or were insurgent against the things they sought to overthrow. Rebellion and insurgency are not disloyalty; they are moods that have gone far beyond that.

Let us establish this proposition at once. It is this very fact that concerns us—that disloyalty is a negative mood. It does not terrify us as rebellion and insurgency do. It is more likely to distress or exasperate us. Like the negative attitudes of indifference, slovenliness, indecision, imprudence, neglect, particularly toward matters we regard as important, disloyalty excites misgiving. For we discover that, more often than not, what starts out as a weak and harmless negative attitude changes into something else. It seems to be characteristic of human nature that it cannot breathe deeply in an atmosphere energized wholly with negatively charged particles. That sounds like bad physics, but I insist it is good psychology.

The peril of the mood of disloyalty can hardly be more easily studied than by reflecting upon one of the most dramatic of all the stories that describe it. Not the infidelity of Brutus to his friend Caesar, which was disloyalty betrayed into fanaticism; nor the rashness of Benedict Arnold which was disloyalty transformed into treason: but the disloyalty of Simon Peter which issued in his denial of a beloved Friend and Master. It is of importance to our study because, contrasted with the other two instances suggested, Peter's disloyalty stopped with denial; and was rescued from desperation by a glance. The mischief of the little prefix was undone. But we cannot be sure that all the disloyalties that plague our modern world will shake off their prefixes by their own strength. Nor must we forget that disloyalty let alone may become sullen, and then angry, and then, perhaps malicious.

The story of the experience of Jesus with His tempestuous and incalculable friend Simon is too familiar to need repeating here. Simon—like the Sea of Galilee, that was shallow and deep in spots, and unprotected from the batteries of wind that stormed from the ramparts of Edom—was easily whipped to fury by a tempest, and was as quickly restored, contrite and humbled, to calm, by the understanding word of his Friend. But the experience of the day and night before the agony of Calvary had proved too much for his unstable spirit; and we can trace therefore in the familiar story, three steps or elements in what may well serve us as a description of the essence of disloyalty. Each step was marked by a denial.

The first denial was at the gate. He had fallen behind the group that was already within the enclosure of the high priest's residence. He was tired, he was afraid, but, worst of all, he was uncertain. John, who knew him well, had told the portress as he entered the courtyard that there was one of their number still to come; that he was lingering somewhere in the darkness; and would perhaps presently knock for entrance. He was a Galilean and to be distinguished easily by his speech and his fisherman's tunic. Let him in; and if there was any question about granting him entrance, fetch him along, and guarantees would be provided.

But before Peter reached the gate, strange thoughts had tortured his weary mind. Three short years before he had set out to fish for men. It was a grand prospect for a provincial! But here in the darkness what evidence was there that he had not followed a dreamer's fancy? What had happened to his net? Where was it? Where were the men he had expected to catch? The Kingdom of God was the net, indeed; but were not its meshes too wide, or its threads too fragile? This unearthly goodness Jesus talked about—well, who cared for it anyhow? What was it? The Law? No. The Prophets? Yes—no! Who knew? Did Jesus Himself know? Or knowing it, was He sure about it?

By this time Peter had arrived outside the gate. To stand in the darkness offered no solace to his bewildered soul. Why not go in? But it was barred. Knock, then! And timidly he rapped his rough knuckles on the door. The portress, hearing his signal and recalling the words of John stepped to the gate, opened it wide enough to afford a glimpse of the newcomer, and asked him—perhaps even with a show of kindliness—if he was a friend of Jesus. The question was for identification, not for abuse; but the poor distraught man, still wandering in a fog of confusion and self-pity shouted out excitedly: "No, I don't know the man." That was the first denial.

Perhaps he stood a moment, wondering at his odd and needless vehemence, after shoving rudely past the astonished woman. More likely, however, he moved in the direction of the men who stood grouped in the center of the courtyard. There he stood silently, for a while, on the edge of the crowd. These were common men, rough in manner and salty in speech. They had no illusions about life. It was grim, and sordid, touched with an occasional gleam of laughter or tenderness perhaps, but for the most part a rough-and-tumble, hand-to-mouth, every-man-for-himself sort of business. What were they talking about, these men who had just hustled Jesus into the presence of the high priest? Did they speak with subdued voices about the lilies of the field, about losing life in order to gain it, about loving one's neighbor as one's self? Hardly. There was a noisy laugh at a coarse joke; then someone spied Peter standing by, and with the hearty goodwill of a rough, earthy man he remarked—as if to identify him in the group—that this man was a Galilean, one of the crowd that had been down in the Garden. And Peter, wishing for the moment to be counted as one of those who make up the coarser textures of life rather than those who spin webs of gossamer that disappear in the pitiless light of the dawn, winced, and protested vigorously, that he was of the Galilean fellowship, that he was no friend of the Dreamer who was, at the moment, answering for His dreams, to the high priest. That was the second denial.

The crowd took but casual interest in Peter's discomfiture and resumed the conversation. Glad of the oblivion into which he had momentarily escaped, Peter sought the charcoal fire to warm his hands. A scant two hours before he had responded to the surge of his anger-heated blood and struck out wildly with a sword, thinking thus to protect his Friend. But now his blood was cool; and he had forgotten the dangers that threatened Him. What enormous relief it would be to forget, for a moment, the Kingdom of God, and the heedless crowds that turned in scorn or anger from the gentle words of the Master! If only he could find a spot where he could be comfortable, warm, undisturbed. What had the three years gotten him? Had he not left all to follow the Teacher, houses and kindred and a tolerable business? Now he was cold, and afraid, and alone. At that moment, a serving wench, replenishing the faltering fire that he might find greater comfort at its glow, leered at him and remarked that he too looked like a Galilean. It was too much. To her astonishment he turned in anger, muttered a curse in his unmistakable Galilean dialect, and cried out that he had no knowledge of what she was talking about.

These three outbursts, we said at the beginning, were three elements in the mood of disloyalty. Or perhaps it might be as correctly put to say they are three reasons for the disloyal temper. Sometimes, as in Peter's experience, they all occur, and appear to have a cumulative, explosive effect. But any one of them is enough to dull the edge of loyalty—to turn it, in fact, into its perilous negative.

What, in a longer perspective, was the cause of Peter's first denial? *It was his uncertainty about the validity of an ideal.* He began to give way to the barrage of doubt that had been pounding relentlessly on the ideal of the Kingdom of God, ever since Jesus had come to Jerusalem to the Passover festival. But now for the first time, uncertainty was so dark, and he had moved so close to the edge of disloyalty, that it took only the inquiring word of the portress to push him into denial. He denied Jesus the first time because he had come to doubt the validity of His ideal.

In much the same way, in a large perspective, we can *(Continued on page 51)*

Biography

Dr. Edwin McNeill Poteat was born in New Haven, Connecticut. He graduated from Furman University and the Southern Theological Seminary. Both Wake Forest and Duke Universities have conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. From 1917 to 1926 he served as a missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention at Kaifeng, Honan, China, afterward as Associate Professor of Philosophy and Ethics, University of Shanghai.

In 1929 he became the Pastor of the Pullen Memorial Church, Raleigh, North Carolina, where he served until he was called to The Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, Ohio, in 1937.

Dr. Poteat is the author of several books, the latest of which, published in March by Harper's, is a dramatic poem entitled "Centurion."

Dr. Poteat is Vice President of the Cleveland Church Federation; and is active in civic and religious committees in connection with Baptist and interdenominational activities.

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all he had escaped, it seems ludicrous. Yet there it was. He had not taken due precautions, and his life was the price.

We may be on our guard in times of stress. But do we look out for subtle temptations which may work ruin?

Thou hast bidden us ever to be watchful, O Lord. Thou knowest how easily we may fall into sin. Help us!

SUNDAY, JUNE 16

"THE WEAK THINGS OF THIS WORLD."
READ I CORINTHIANS 1:26-31

WE COUNT too much on numbers, on great movements, on organized societies. After all, the force of these excellent groups is in the individual. Remember Jesus our Lord, One against the might of Judaism and Rome; the few followers loyal to His commission; the one Apostle Paul.

Teach us again, on this Thy day, the purpose of Thy kingdom. Fill our hearts with passionate love which must express itself in service. In Thy name, Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 17

"WHEN HE WAS REVILED, HE REVILED NOT."
READ MATTHEW 5:43-48.

A MINISTER, spending the night at a small town hotel, found a number of salesmen at the next table at dinner. They were noisy and talkative. Noticing his attire, they began to discuss religion, and to ridicule preachers in general. The good man did not show either anger or annoyance. Later in the evening, one spoke to him. "Say," he ventured, "we thought you would have got mad." "Why? I am used to foolish talk like that. I am chaplain at a lunatic asylum."

O Thou who, when reviled, didst not revile others, help us to that self-restraint by which Thy name shall be magnified. For Thy love's sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18

"GIVE DILIGENCE TO READING."
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:8-13.

THE Christian is meant to have a full, well-rounded life. He can commend His Master best when his mind is enriched and disciplined. And books can help. We must read to grow spiritually and mentally. Yet, because time is limited, read only the best authors.

Gracious Father, Thou hast given us the treasury of man's thought, by which life may be widened and enriched.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19

"SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."
READ MATTHEW 13:1-9.

WE CAN never measure our influence or the power of a kindly act. Many years ago, a woman saw one of the youths who worked in her husband's store, lounging at the street corner. She spoke to him, eventually persuading him to accompany her to church. The word spoken seemed addressed to him. He gave his life to Christ. Later he prepared himself for the mission field. He died a martyr, but his name lives—John Williams, of the South Seas.

If we have but one talent, if great achievements be beyond us, at least help us to be faithful to Thee, O Saviour.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

"THOU SHALT REMEMBER."
READ LUKE 16:19-31.

WHAT strange tricks memory plays. Memory is not, as a schoolboy once defined it, "the thing we forget with." Even though it may sometimes fail us, it can yet amaze. Scenes of childhood, some great day in our lives, stand out in vivid colors. At other times, for no apparent reason, we find ourselves thinking of some happening which had completely faded away. Shall memory yield satisfaction or remorse?

Give us the help of Thy Spirit, dear Father, that we may so live that we shall have no regrets. For Christ's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21

"WHAT LACK I YET?"
READ MARK 10:17-22.

A SIMPLE experiment was once suggested by John Ruskin. Hold a piece of pure white notepaper up to an artificial light, it still appears white; hold it to the sunlight it is grey.

Compare our lives with the perfect Jesus, and what then? Yet He is the only standard by which we are meant to live.

Pardon our foolish pride, our easy self complacency. Help us ever that our lives may be conformed to Thine.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22

"BE YE STEADFAST."
READ I CORINTHIANS 15:30-34.

WHEN a colored preacher was expounding this word of St. Paul, he contrived to say something of worth. "It means, firstly, take hold; secondly, to hold on; and thirdly, never to let go." That Christian tenacity of purpose is what we need in these discouraging and trying days. Never let go!

Thou knowest our discouragements and weariness. Help us by Thy grace, O Christ, who didst endure, to be constant to Thee. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23

"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND."
READ MATTHEW 7:6-12.

WE SOMETIMES magnify the difficulties of being a Christian, or allow our doubts to rob us of the supreme blessings of life. Granting that life has many trials and disappointments, it deals them out to all. Believer or unbeliever must face them. But to find the way to Christ is as easy as A B C. Look at this:

Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace
Be ye reconciled to God.
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

We praise Thee, O Father, for the love which makes plain the way to peace and blessedness. Keep us therein.

MONDAY, JUNE 24

"THE END OF THAT MAN IS PEACE."
READ PSALM 37:25-40.

THE goal which the gracious Father has purposed for His children is a developed character, a soul that has been shaped. Nothing can frustrate that end. Wickedness may seem almost omnipotent. The evil man prospers in his way. The God-fearing are often thrust aside. We sometimes find ourselves almost envying the man who secures success by dubious means. But the Father's means to His end, while perhaps beyond our immediate understanding, shall issue in blessing and peace.

Forgive our hasty judgments and our lack of faith. Let our minds be stayed on Thee, that we may enjoy Thy perfect peace. Through Christ, Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25

"THE UPWARD CALLING OF GOD."
READ PSALM 24.

MEN MAY RISE from humble circumstances to power by the unworthy trick of the dictator, or by the honorable means of education and effort. Yet: *ON STEPPING STONES* of God's revealed will, and the Saviour's redeeming love, the soul can climb to the heights *OF THEIR DEAD SELVES* yields the secret of true attainment. It is by self-mastery that victory comes. *TO HIGHER THINGS.* Turn from the petty prizes of the world, from sin and sloth, and the summit shall be reached.

Keep us from unworthy self-satisfaction. Impel us upward, until Thy purpose is complete. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26

READ MATTHEW 6:1-8.

THE telephone is commonplace. There is nothing wonderful to be able to use it, but we become annoyed when we cannot hear. One evening we were calling a friend. Above his voice, we could hear a child's loud laughter, and a dog joyously barking, but he could not make out what we were saying. Then he exclaimed, "Wait a moment until I shut the door." We heard it slam. Then he went on, "That's better. Now I can hear you."

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discovered. Take margarine. It costs less than butter and there are certain high grade margarines that pound for pound equal butter in calories, in vitamins, in digestibility, with melting points virtually identical. In other words, these margarines are made to equal butter in food value and are as near a perfect substitute as any laboratory product can approach the real thing. Yet women are heard to say proudly when they see margarine displayed, "I never use a substitute for butter. They never taste the same." This winter Miss Jones made a point of giving a margarine taste test. For refreshments Helen makes a bran finger using the margarine for shortening. She makes a muffin batter, thicker than usual, stuffing it with raisins and sweetening with brown sugar; then baking the mixture on a sheet instead of in muffin tins. This is cut into fingers 3 inches long by 1½ inches wide and the fingers split and margarine spread.

HOT BRAN FINGERS

1¼ cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
3½ teaspoons Calumet Baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Jack Frost Brown sugar
¾ cup Pillsbury's Wheat Bran
4 tablespoons New Nucoa, melted
1 egg
¾ cup milk
½ cup raisins, floured

Sift first four ingredients together; add bran; gradually add melted shortening, a little at a time, stirring dry mixture constantly. Beat egg well; add milk; add to first mixture and beat five minutes. Add raisins. Spread in greased shallow baking pan to ¾ inch thick finger shaper pieces. Makes one eight-inch pan.

Helen always explains what margarine contains. This fatty substance is made of animal or vegetable oils and emulsified milk. Two types are on hand. One is a combination of animal fats and vegetable oils with the oleo predominating. The second is strictly a vegetable product containing either coconut oils or domestic vegetables oils as the principal ingredient. Within the last decade vegetable oil margarine has marched ahead in popularity. Today about ninety per cent of all American margarine falls into this class.

BEET LUNCHEON SALAD

1 package lemon Jell-O
1 pint hot water
3 tablespoons Heinz cider vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups diced cooked beets
1½ cups shredded cabbage
¼ cup chopped raw spinach
½ teaspoon scraped onion

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add vinegar and ½ teaspoon salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Season vegetables with remaining salt. Add onion. Fold into slightly thickened Jell-O. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise and slices of hard cooked egg. Serves 8.

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3

"It's always a satisfaction to me to see how much more jelly I get with Certo. Due to that short boil, no juice boils away, so I average 11 glasses instead of 7. That's half again more jelly—so you see Certo is a real money-saver!

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(Continued from page 17)

what she was to do with her life, thus became a question that just had to be answered, one way or the other; so she made her decision. Then and there, she surrendered her entire being to the Christ Who died to save her, Who summoned her to do her part in spreading His Gospel of healing and rescue. With an outburst of tears, she sought her mother who happened to be resting in bed. She flung herself into that mother's arms and poured forth her confession, and together they knelt in prayer.

You will say, perhaps, that you have often heard of that kind of conversion—that the experience can be duplicated—let us say—in Christian Endeavor Societies. Just so. There have been many thousands of conversions within the Salvation Army itself and every day adds to the number. But a great life is not great because it differs from other life. It is great because it reveals what life can be. The important point is that Evangeline Booth did not trifle over her bargain with God. The bargain was kept on both sides, and it still holds good.

Youth loves adventure, and you may suggest that it was no great hardship for a high-spirited girl to plunge into the slums of London instead of attending high school. In her bonnet with its bright red riband, and collecting pennies in her tambourine, she was certainly aflame with the zest of an absorbing enthusiasm, and did not know the meaning of the word fear. There were dark and threatening streets where even the police kept on the alert against violence. This girl faced the worst and emerged unscathed. However degraded the odoriferous saloon, however noisy and obscene the men and women treating one another to their too many mugs of beer, a fresh and gracious voice was heard singing songs of welcome to a better home than that, and pleading for acceptance of something more satisfying than alcohol and the fumes of tobacco. The most hardened reprobates were moved to long-lost hope and faith in their better selves; and the East End, where Jack the Ripper lurked in the shadows and committed his indescribable crimes, gasped in amazement at processions of reformed drunkards and burglars and gamblers blowing their trumpets and beating their drums in celebration of victory through the Blood of the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world.

Within the Salvation Army, Evangeline Booth rapidly became conspicuous in her own right. She symbolized youth, as the sunshine illumining an old drab civilization. Yet with all her winning charm and tender sympathy, she was as truly a warrior as Joan of Arc at her age, dealing blows at the enemy and receiving blows in return. To be struck down in the street unconscious and to awake with a head throbbing from concussion—this was part of the reckoning. No amount of kindly feeling could alter the plain fact that she was opposing evils, injustices, sordid interests that militate against the wellbeing of the home and the homeless alike.

After a year or two, even the saloon and the cellar, with their follies and filth, lose novelty. Evangeline's exhilaration was no more than a passing phase. It wore off, and the maturing woman began to realize the full extent of the task to which she had put her hand. From crusading, she had to turn at times to the humdrum of organization; to training recruits who had never received her own thorough instruction in the Bible and the Gospel; to raising money, and to all the thousand and one details that have to be crowded into hectic days when things are moving. She had mounted up with wings as an eagle. She must now walk and not faint.

Here was no spectacled bluestocking. No one has ever been more intensely feminine than Evangeline Booth. As a girl she was pretty, vivacious, responsive, and so she has continued to be through life—glad to be attractive, happy to have attractive things around her. The avenues to comfort and affection invited her to proceed along their gracious paths. At any time, she could have had a husband, a home of her own, a family as overflowing with vitality as that to which she belonged. And who could have blamed her if this had been her choice? Such a prospect lay within her absolute right; for in the Salvation Army, marriage is among the sacraments.

Enough that she resisted any such persuasion. When proposals were suggested, she referred them to her mother and resolutely put aside any such possibilities. Her mother did not encourage the suitors, and when Catherine Booth bravely met her end, she gave to Evangeline a mother's wedding ring which is the only wedding ring that her daughter has ever worn. She has it with her to this day.

Knowing these things, I fear that I am a little unusual in my idea of Evangeline Booth's real title to greatness. Many millions have been crowded into and crowded out of her meetings. They have admired the erect and disciplined figure that faces without flinching the greatest multitude. They have been moved to tears and laughter by the golden voice that has been compared so often and with such truth with Sarah Bernhardt's. They have sat spellbound during those wonderful pauses when silence is more eloquent than speech. They have been fascinated by the quick descriptive gestures of the hands. All this is true. Even over the radio, which is not her complete medium, Evangeline Booth is as notable a success as that method of communication allows to a speaker.

Year by year, she has had other rewards. Within the Army she has filled offices—chief among these the Generalship—which surround the officer with authority, respect and opportunities of service. Outside the Army, she has been honored by monarchs and statesmen. Evangeline Booth is not one who has ever had cause to indulge in self-pity. She has had great moments—many of them—and there may be more to come.

But, at the end of all this, there is just one word that describes her. She is unspoilt. Naturally, there has had to be adjustment of an eager personality—as I have said—to altered conditions. But the personality is eager because it is still the personality of the little girl who flung herself into her mother's arms sixty years ago and sobbed forth her childlike consecration. Love for others has kept her young.

(Continued from page 41)

a weary mother. Why shouldn't every mother have one? A mother of ten children asked me if I thought I could get her a carriage for her tenth—the other nine had never had one.

Day in, day out, I have learned to love the country. I don't believe I'll ever leave it, or ever want to. Sometimes we are asked why we ever stayed in this country work so long—did we ever have a chance to get out of it? We did have opportunities to go elsewhere. I think that interest in our people, in our families, has kept us hitched more than anything else. After I had assisted a while in the work near our present home, I was asked to become the assistant minister in a very large city parish under Doctor Lines, who later became Bishop Lines of New Jersey. I was so concerned about many large families and many new parishioners that I had gotten interested in the church that I did not want to leave.

Then, later, when dear old Doctor Bradin of Hartford was getting along in years, he wrote me twice wanting me to assist him and ultimately take his place. It was an attractive offer, as I had worked with him for three years while at Trinity College, and I knew him so well and loved him so much. But we talked it over, and again decided not to go.

At another time we had a letter from a Bishop in Pennsylvania to come there and take a parish. He said he would furnish us with a new Ford car. As we had a terrible old rattle trap, I declare if the new car offer wasn't a real tug.

Then Bishop Davenport, whom I knew very well and admired greatly, sent for me to come down to Maryland. He wanted me to take charge of the social service work, have several country stations, and be a canon of his cathedral church.

We were rather inclined to leave at this time until we went to a Berkeley Divinity School Commencement. Dr. Mill of Trinity Church in Hartford was there, and, as he had always backed me up so well through trying times, we decided to talk this move over with him.

We three were in Dean Ladd's study when I stated our case. Mrs. Gilbert says she remembers his exact words, "George," he said, "you are too valuable a man to the diocese to leave it. I and my work, when I'm gone, will be forgotten, but you stick to it and you and your work will never be forgotten." He said so much more that we decided to stay.

We also had a call to a parish, with a much greater salary, near New York City. It seemed a better place to bring up the children with a greater chance for schooling; yet, again, we said "No."

When one has worked as hard as we had with a large number of families and just begins to see his work starting to count, he can't help wondering what will become of those families if he leaves. I was just plain afraid they'd lose their faith and their church connections, so I stuck. I've never been really sorry that I stuck, either. *(Next month "Politics.")*

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(Continued from page 29)

But while all things are lawful, not all things are expedient.

VIII. I NO LONGER FEEL AGGRIEVED AT THEIR MOTHER WHEN SHE DIFFERS WITH ME AS TO HOW TO MANAGE THEM, which is not infrequently the case. I've discovered that the adroit apparent yielding of a mother may accomplish more than the bullheaded opposition of a dad. I don't even hasten to her assistance any more, when I feel that they have forgotten that she is a lady in their comments to her.

I've decided that my sons' mother is quite capable of defending herself against all comers. Besides, they're her children as much as they are mine. I'm through interfering in *anybody's* family fracas.

IX. I DON'T TRY TO IMPOSE MY BELIEFS ON THEM; no, nor my prejudices either, if anyone can tell which is which. Young people gag at being forced to swallow either ideas or spinach.

Two sophomores went home from college promising each other they'd announce to their families their conversion to Communism. I happened to be a guest at the breakfast table when one of them exploded his bombshell. It was a tragic moment indeed.

His father, a Legionnaire, and his mother, a member of the "Daughters of the Revolution," were heartbroken. There had never been a black (rather, a red!) sheep in all the family's distinguished lineage. If he didn't recant, they'd remove him from college. Of course they didn't mean it; and he went back after vacation vastly enjoying his martyr's role.

He found that his friend's attempted sensation had been a flop. The family had been singularly unimpressed with his bombshell, which had apparently been a dud, as he had even had to repeat it before anyone noticed it. Then, instead of remonstrating, his father had remarked:

"Glad you're learning to think things out for yourself, instead of just swallowing what you're told. Or are you? I've always wanted to know just what Communists believe, and what they have to pledge themselves to, before they're entitled to use the name. Maybe you can tell me."

That was something of a facer, but he did the best he could. When he had finished, his father, who had been listening attentively, explained that several of the doctrines he'd considered so daring and heretical were actually part and parcel of the New Deal; that others were even acceptable to the Fascists.

It takes tamping down, to make a dynamite charge very effective. Meeting with no repression, the convert to Communism lost his fervor. His new religion was stale stuff; and he dropped it overboard, to sink without trace.

X. I DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING MY BOYS TELL ME, though I'm certain they mean to be truthful. When one of them accused me of being the only father in town who makes his sons get to bed before midnight, I started to deny the charge hotly. Seeing their mother smile, I gulped and said nothing instead of leaping to the defense. Had I believed his claim instead of discounting it by about ninety per cent, he would have been surprised as well as delighted. He was simply talking for trading purposes.

Don't think I claim to have discovered a way to control three adolescent boys—or one, for that matter. I'm no Pollyanna. I know too much about the job. Ten years ago I underestimated it; ten years from now I may have forgotten how tough it is, and be laughing—God forgive me—at other fathers' difficulties. But not right now!

Then what have I gained? How am I any better off than when I was the kind of father I used to be? In many ways. I'm having a whale of a lot of fun; I'm enjoying my job, instead of loathing it. When I hear the anvil chorus in the locker room bewailing the shortcomings of the younger set and wondering where they're drifting, I can smile reminiscently. I used to feel that way, too; I know better, now.

(Continued from page 23)

as yet, Eben, but—but it is about to be filled, filled to running over."

Just then there came a tap at the door, and the doctor answering the summons, swung the door wide.

"Marcia!"

"Eben!"

Dr. Torrey slid past Marcia Wade and made his way out to the barn. There he tarried for a few minutes, while the sun sank below the western horizon. When he returned he found their cheeks very wet with tears, but they were tears of happiness.

"We are going to be married next spring, Doctor," said Eben, gripping the doctor's hand. "By that time I hope to be on my feet and able to support a wife."

"That reminds me, Eben. I saw Alvin Lane yesterday and he will give you a job for the winter. He plans to cut off a big woodlot. You will be through in time to get an early start with your farming here."

Ten minutes later the doctor was homeward bound with Marcia.

But the old doctor was not done, for an hour or so later he halted in front of the general store steps as he was about to enter for his usual evening game of checkers with old Seth Cunningham. Seated on the steps were a score or more men.

"Just a word, boys, before I go in have it out with Seth Cunningham," he said. "There is a man in this town tonight who has paid his debt to the State, paid what the State demanded. I trust that there is not one among you, not one in the Town of Westford, who will demand interest on that debt. I feel very sure that you all understand what I mean."

"Doc, ye be all right!"

It was the voice of Ezra Kimball.

He got onto his feet and made his way over to where the doctor was standing. "Here be my hand on't, Doc. Ye can depend on me. Nary a yap out o' me. We has all been wonderin' how ye come to dabble in real estate, an' now we know, an' we honor ye for it."

They gripped hands—the East and the West. Not another word was spoken. A benediction of peace and good will had dropped as a mantle over all.

(Continued from page 34)

teaching a less arduous calling for her.

Lillian has jotted down an acrostic of the qualities a good teacher must have. A teacher must be:

"T—tactful
E—energetic
A—adaptable
C—conscientious
H—human
E—enthusiastic
R—responsive."

To begin at the beginning, tact is one of the most important qualifications that a teacher must possess. A tactless teacher who laughs at an honestly made mistake, who holds a youngster up to personal scorn or to mass ridicule, should relinquish her job immediately. Many children are quick to learn; and an equal number, unfortunately, are exceedingly slow. The quick ones should not be made to feel too important because they are clever, and the slow ones should be urged along with the utmost sympathy and understanding.

A teacher should be energetic. During a five-day week, a teacher must do a complete and self-sustained job. She must never let down and she must never allow her private life to take the ascendant over her hours at a desk.

Adaptability is a broad term. A teacher must know instinctively when to exert authority and when to be indulgent. Authority exerted at the wrong time makes for sullenness; and over-indulgence, also at the wrong time, makes for lack of discipline. Either one is fatal.

Conscientiousness comes right in the middle of the word teacher but from the standpoint of importance it should come at the beginning. A teacher who lacks conscientiousness, who teaches merely because of the material rewards of the profession, is a cheat.

To be human—that is the next question. I have known teachers—more than that, I have studied under them—who foolishly insisted upon being set on a pedestal, high above their charges. Those teachers are not the ones that I remember today with any sensation of pleasure. The teachers that I remember are the ones who listened to my dreams and quieted my fears and didn't smile at my ambitions.

To be enthusiastic—perhaps that's the hardest thing of all. A young teacher, during her first year, may be bubbling over with enthusiasm, but it's hard to keep that enthusiasm forever at the bubbling point. And yet if it can be done, both the teacher and the pupil will gain by it, for an enthusiastic teacher gets twice as much out of her scholars as a lackadaisical one.

Responsiveness is the last adjective in Lillian Sangster's acrostic. It's a reaching-forward word—a desire to like and to be liked. Responsiveness is a candle lighted in a dark corner—it brings a glow to the most casual of relationships. A teacher who listens with interest, who gives small confidences in return for small confidences, who does not withhold affection from a child who is starving for it, will experience the same satisfaction that a gardener knows when he surveys the beauty and fragrance of flowers that he has tended and brought to maturity.

JEANNE GETS A CURTAIN CALL!
JEANNE, THAT BIG PRODUCER IS HERE! IF HE LIKES THE DRESS REHEARSAL, HE MAY PUT YOU ON BROADWAY!
NONSENSE! IF HE WANTED NEW TALENT, HE WOULDN'T COME TO AN AMATEUR SHOW!
AW, HE PROBABLY JUST CAME HERE TO MAKE FUN OF YOU!
STOP THAT MUSIC! YOU NIT-WITS! YOU'VE RUINED THE WHOLE SCENE! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU— I QUIT!
YEAH— TELL 'EM YOU COULD PUT ON A BETTER SHOW WITH DUMMIES FROM A STORE WINDOW!
YOUNG LADY, YOU WERE SPLENDID UNTIL YOU BLEW UP! I COULD USE YOU IN MY SHOW, IF YOU WEREN'T SO NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE!
YOU'D BE IRRITABLE, TOO, IF YOU HAD MY INDIGESTION... AND COULDN'T SLEEP!
TELL THIS OLD NUISANCE TO PIPE DOWN! HIS CHATTER WOULD GIVE ANYONE A PAIN!
SOUNDS LIKE COFFEE-NERVES! WHEN ANY OF MY TROUPE FEEL THAT WAY, THE DOCTOR USUALLY MAKES 'EM CUT OUT COFFEE AND SWITCH TO POSTUM!
NONSENSE! STILL—IF YOU SAY IT MIGHT HELP—I COULD TRY IT! I CAN'T FEEL ANY WORSE!
CURSES! POSTUM MEANS THE HOOK FOR ME!
LATER
GLAD TO HAVE YOU IN MY SHOW, JEANNE. YOU'RE DOING FINE! AND YOU'RE THE BEST-NATURED MEMBER OF THE CAST!
WHY SHOULDN'T I BE GOOD-NATURED? I'VE FELT TOO WONDERFUL TO BE GROUCHY—SINCE I SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

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WRITE today for "You Can't Feel Well If Digestive Juices Are Failing." F. Y. Co., Dept. X, 695 Washington St., New York. Absolutely FREE.

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(Continued from page 25)

"I raise them," he said.

Now they knew where to dig for gold.

In order to read more about rabbits he learned to read. In order to show his system of making hutches, he learned to draw to scale. In order to make clear statements about food and marketing, he learned to figure accurately—enough to allow him to function in his small way in the modern world.

At last it came to this lad with astonished pride that he knew more about rabbits than any of the other children. Why, he would do the school a service if he set down in a book all that he knew. A book must be neat (he learned to be neat), must be complete (he patiently went over and over the ground), must be bound (he worked for months in the school bookbindery). So there it stood now, a book that he had written, on the shelf with other books, which no longer looked alien and formidable to him because he had written one himself.

"It's a miracle!" I exclaimed.

"No, no!" protested Mr. Patri with the sincerest impatience with my overdramatizing a simple thing. "Perfectly natural."

This opportunity for steady, continued effort with no feeling of haste to finish a project and begin another is one of the finest elements in the life of P. S. 45. For another dangerous mistake American education makes is to subject children to hurry, to judge by their ability to live and produce at speed. There are innumerable fine personalities who do not function well in haste. Unhurried, long-continued creative effort opens the door to almost the only kind of stability we are likely to know in the kind of world we have made.

The Italian-American teacher felt, as we all do, that the old stability is gone, that which was made up of the same room, with the same furniture, in the same house in the same town with the same neighbors. With his artist instinct he has steered the children under his charge toward a surer immaterial stability, the stability of coherent, long-continued, self-directed, creative effort. There is no sense of hurry, no need to get something done before the bell rings.

As I returned to the Principal's office I admired, as anyone must, a head in bronze on his office table.

"Who made that?" I asked.

"A fourteen-year-old boy," he said.

"Has he done anything else since he left school?"

"Oh, yes," the Principal said, his tone still casual. "He is Antonio De Filippo. You can see his work on the doors of the Nebraska state capitol and in the Louisiana state capitol."

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(Continued from page 43)

see the cause of the second denial. *It was uncertainty about the capactiy of the common man to accept the ideal.* Even had he maintained a stout confidence in the picture Jesus had been painting of the good society, would not his touch with the ruffians in the court-yard have invited disillusion of the most abysmal sort? And if *they*, in the very presence of Jesus, were unaffected by Him, what hope was there for the wider areas of life? Here again, a confidence that Jesus had inspired in availability of all men for citizenship in the beloved community, was assaulted so violently by contact with rough men, that the word of one of them stung him to a quick denial of even an interest in the idea, much less of confidence in the capacity of common men to understand or embrace it.

Similarly, as he warmed his hands, he offers us the third reason for disloyalty. We may distrust a noble ideal; we may doubt that men can achieve nobility, and so prove indifferent or disloyal to a great hope. But perhaps it is after all *our fear that what we have hoped and striven for will not bring its rewards to us*—that we cannot warm our hands unless we find or kindle our own fires, it is this that dims hope, dulls loyalty, invites denial. After all, he might have argued, even if one admits that ideals are ennobling, and men are eager for the sight of them, does not the wise men look out first for his own immediate needs?

There is one final word. Peter's disloyalty ended in denial, but not in rebellion; and because of this, the world long since has enshrined him as one of its heroes. What was it that saved him? To those who know the story the answer is easy:

". . . . Love was won from Terror's dark embrace
Beneath the radiant focus of that face."

Without pressing the point too heavily may it not be suggested that where our loyalties toward ideals falter, they can be restored if, in the place of the ideal, stands a person who embodies it. Peter saw the face of Jesus and went out, weeping in an agony of contrition. And that was what Peter needed. More than reassurance that the ideal of the Kingdom would work, or that mankind would respond to it, or that it could answer every need, he needed the sight of *Him who in His very person was the embodiment of his trust.*

To us who are the advocates of the Christian truth, nothing can be more immediately important than to recover the simple expedient that saved Peter's disloyalty from open rebellion. Jesus placed Himself unmistakably and unforgettably before his shaken friend. And this expediment is more obviously available to Christianity than to the political leadership above referred to. For it is uniquely true that Jesus incarnates the ideal He taught; uniquely draws the heart that sees Him, uniquely supplies the needs of those who come to Him for life.

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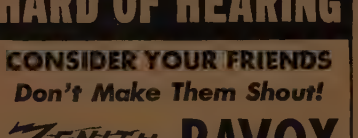

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From A Garden Note Boo

By Donald H. Kingery

IN CUTTING blooms of hybrid tea roses for the home, don't be afraid to cut them with long stems. This will give the roses the summer pruning they need and help bring on the next tide of bloom. If a rose is left to fade on the bush it is best to cut it off immediately after it has faded.

Cut back rather sharply to where there is a strong cane. Cut just above a bud in the base of a leaf that faces outward. Here a new shoot will develop and in due time at its tip will come the next bloom. Bloom practically always comes on new growth. Cutting back forces the plant to put out this new growth.

FOR a superlative lawn, for aid to the grass in making headway against summer drought and to give the grass power to overcome and smother out weeds, another application of plant food to the lawn some time in June is a most worthy practice. An easy way to do this is to use one of the standard brands of such food, which can be purchased from a merchant who handles seeds and garden supplies in your local community. Practically always there will be directions on or inside the container.

WHEN I have newly-planted ros either from the fall before or fr the spring just past, there comes a ta with them in June that I consider hig important. After they are growing w and have been cultivated several tim and after a rain if possible, I mul around and between them with peat mo This I do not leave on the surface b cultivate into the ground. Here it catch and holds the rains that fall, keeps t roots cool and then gives up the moistu again as the roots demand it for t plants. Old, well-rotted manure, handl in the same way, is likewise useful.

SOME other June suggestions, fr years of my own experiences, are:

Pinch back tips of chrysanthemums induce branching of the plants.

Make several plantings of gladio bulbs at intervals of about two wee up into July, to have plenty of bloo later over a long period.

If violas and pansies are prevent from making seed, they will go on bloo ing.

Various early-blooming shrubs are b pruned now, for next year bloom w come on new growth yet to be made.

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you got it and all—don't be afraid."

It was too much for Tommie. He walked across the room, lifted the cushion of the broken chair, took the envelope, and put it in mother's hand.

Then the whole story came out between Tommie's suppressed sobs and mother's soothing words to stop him.

"It's all right, dear," mother told Tommie again and again. "Go down and find Pat O'Rourke for me. Tell him to come up here. He won't take you to jail, dear."

A few days later Pat O'Rourke came and called for mother and Tommie. Mr. Bennett, at the bank, wanted to see them.

Pat was the only one who felt at ease when the three of them walked up the marble stairs of the bank. But when they saw Mr. Bennett both mother and Tommie felt better. He was tall, gray haired, and very dignified. Yet he smiled a great deal.

"You were an honest little man to have turned the money over to your friend Pat," Bennett said. "I daresay your mother has taught you to be honest, hasn't she?"

Tommie nodded his head.

"And Pat told me you wanted to go to Mont Lawn this summer," Mr. Bennett continued in his pleasant voice.

"But there isn't any more room," Tommie said quickly.

Mr. Bennett smiled genially. "I have been over to see about that," he continued, "and you can go this year, after all. Isn't that a nice surprise?"

"This year? I can go this year?" Tommie asked incredulously.

"Yes," Mr. Bennett said slowly as he glanced at a piece of paper which he had taken from his shiny desk, "you are g ing to Mont Lawn three weeks from t day."

"Oh!" Tommie gasped.

"I want you to write me when you g there," Mr. Bennett continued. "You mi write and tell me how you like it, a what you are doing."

Mont Lawn! Mont Lawn! Tomm said to himself again and again. It seem too good to be true. He could go th year, after all. He would see the gre grass and the tall trees and the pool wo be there to go wading in—

"Nothing regular for over a year nov Tommie vaguely heard mother's voice s

"Then you can take the job?" Mr. Be nett's voice penetrated into Tommi reverie. "Next Monday afternoon at fo o'clock. Here is a memorandum to c head cleaning woman."

Tommie saw mother put her handk chief to her eyes, but she didn't c after all, and he was glad of that becau he wanted to shout for joy because was going to Mont Lawn.

"Now don't you forget, my little ma Mr. Bennett said as he ushered them o of the door of his office, "to write me a tell me all about yourself and what f you're having at Mont Lawn."

"Yes, sir," Tommie promised, and smiled back at the tall banker who patt him gently on the back.

"I've got you to thank for all this, Pa mother said gratefully.

"It's just me Irish good nature," I replied with a grin. "Hey!" he said Tommie, catching his hand, "here's a so fountain—how about it?"

What Is The Christian College

By Frank S. Mead

WE WHO live in this free, democratic Christian country have something of more than slight interest in the fact that when the first Puritans arrived on these shores, they built first of all log cabins to live in, log schools to study in, log churches to worship in. The home, the church, the school: these essentials are forever bound together.

Immediately after the school came the college: the *Christian* college, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, William and Mary, King's College. Up to 1750 there was but one college in the country (Pennsylvania) that was *not* founded by a church; by 1800 there were thirty colleges, and seventeen of them were church-founded or church-maintained.

The country grew too fast—and the colleges grew too fast. Today, all over the nation, we find scores of small Christian colleges doing the job that the large Universities (Yale, Harvard, Wesleyan) were supposed to do, and established by the Church to do. Last month Dr. Jones of Park College told us just why these colleges were started; in this article we want to outline the *character* of the Christian college, and discover, if we can, just wherein their type of education differs from that of the secular institution.

We have just asked several of the leading Christian college presidents to make this clear to our readers, and their answers are illuminating. Dr. Stewart McClelland of Lincoln Memorial University, put it brilliantly, we thought, when he wrote us: "I suppose that the greatest danger in our modern educational trend is that our pupils are likely to become *skilled* rather than *schooled.*" That is a penetrating remark, and it leads us on to the statement that at least one important characteristic of the Christian college is that its students are schooled in the meaning and importance of the Christian faith, rather than skilled in its learning. A mere accumulation of transmitted knowledge means little; the living of a Christian life and the building of a Christian character and society means everything, and that is the stock in trade of the Christian college.

Dr. Earnest Davis, President of La Verne College, at La Verne, California, speaks for the hopes of all Christian educators when he says, "At La Verne we attempt in the first place to have education in Christianity. We select our teachers not only for evangelical belief but for actual and active interest in the kingdom of Christ. . . . We make Christianity the center of our curriculum—that which unifies and ties the whole together and gives it significance and meaning. . . . In the second place, we keep the great human ends in view. The cultural and spiritual are not neglected but emphasized. Religion must be expressed in life—both personal and social. We regard our social sciences as really applied Christianity, for in them we seek to show how the Christian spirit and principles should be applied to our world order. In the third place, we aim to educate toward moral maturity so that our graduates will manifest self-reliance and initiative and accept responsibility. We consciously aim toward a Christian philosophy of life that causes

(Continued on page 61)

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(Continued from page 20)

typewritten sheet on which she had set down, as she expressed it, what a normally hearing person would learn in the first half hour about his fellow guests. Here were the names of each family, parents and children, their occupations,—artists, writers, editors, college presidents,—interesting facts about each, and about the origin of the colony itself, how so remote and fascinating a spot had been discovered in the accessible wilds of Connecticut. Never was help more timely. I met each member with sure foreknowledge and was able to muster at least a sentence or two of intelligent apprehension. The multiplication of such foresight would go far to take from a deaf man's social life the veil of obscurity that hangs over it.

Speaking in public presents peculiar problems to a deaf man, and likewise, be it said, to his sponsors. Domiciled in a strange town, I cannot be reached in my hotel room by ordinary means of communication; telephone bell and knocks on my door are unheard and unheeded.

On the platform or at the head table, a new set of difficulties confronts me, in addition to all the misgivings every speaker knows. About me are seated officers, committeemen, chairman, toastmaster, and fellow speakers—all two up on me as far as ears are concerned.

Speakers are often expected to answer questions from the floor. My solution is to beg the audience to write them out. That generally puts a damper on spontaneity, but not always. Now and then one meets a delightfully coöperative audience. At the University of Minnesota my stint was to deliver two addresses and conduct a symposium following a dinner of the department of education. The group had been forewarned and forearmed with pads and pencils, and the little squares of white paper fluttered up like a stage snowstorm. Next morning I received at my hotel one of the most heart-warming and encouraging messages I ever had from a stranger. The writer was the wife of one of the professors, Mrs. Herbert Carroll—widely known as Gladys Hasty Carroll. I thus publicly thank her for one of the most comforting episodes in the life history of a deaf man's attempts at public speaking.

In complying, then, with the divine injunction to refrain from cursing the deaf, one may be compensated by finding human beings as worth while among the underhearing as among the acute-eared (the "angels unaware" formula), for the number of what are loosely described as distinguished or successful men and women averages as high in the first group as in the second. Among the names that occur offhand are: E. M. Statler, Lord Leverhulme, Alfred Du Pont, Stanley Baldwin, Hiram Bingham, Vice President Garner, Charles R. Crane, Mabel Willebrandt, Senator Arthur Capper, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, William McFee, H. M. Tomlinson, Rupert Hughes, Harold McGrath, Eleanor Roosevelt, Carolyn Wells, Margaret Prescott Montague, as well as Huxley, Edison, General Booth, George Washington, Horace Howard Furness, Beethoven, Dr. Johnson.

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(Continued from page 27)

vinced and they refused to join the Young Communist League. "The Reds raise good issues to fight for," they admitted, "But we don't like the way they use non-Communists as stooges. And if they believe in democracy, they sure don't practice it."

I spent the rest of the year in the Dakotas, trying to organize Party units, but I was a failure. "Where there's a will, there's a way," a letter from the New York office hinted. I couldn't write back that I had lost the will. Those Youth Congress delegates of mine had raised questions that *I*, a Communist, couldn't answer. Hitherto I had been proud in the belief that I knew all the answers to the questions of American youth. But I knew now that the Youth Congress was a mere front for the Communist Party; they raised hopeful slogans for the sole purpose of winning the attention of youth and recruiting them into the Red ranks.

Why couldn't democracy raise these issues, fight for them cleanly without mercenary reasons? I wondered that as I traveled back and forth across the plains. And I visited boys in the C.C.C. and recognized them as typical of the Lost Legion of the freight trains I had met a few years before. They were well fed and warmly dressed and happy now. Democracy had temporarily given them a solution to their problems. The C.C.C., I knew, was better than the wild life and hunger of the road. In the schools I found the National Youth Administration at work, providing jobs for students who otherwise would have had to drop their education. The Communist literature I received from New York called these measures "incipient fascism" but I knew that was not true.

I couldn't close my eyes any longer. Instead I started fighting my way out of the mental Utopia to which I had been confined. I had thought the Communists were answering my questions; I had rushed into the Party quickly because I thought it was the only refuge for idealism. Now I began to see what it really was. I went back to New York.

White girl Communists still danced with the Negro boys in Harlem. Down South, Angelo Herndon, a young Communist Negro organizer, had been freed from a Georgia chain gang by a judge who believed in democracy. The Communists had carried on a violent campaign for his release and claimed it as their victory. But they promptly forgot Angelo Herndon once his publicity value to them was over. I saw Communist leaders shuttle back and forth to Moscow to get their orders. These same leaders had cars and money and comfortable homes. Rank and file Communists like myself had none of these "capitalist" things.

And instead of fighting for jobs for America's youth, the Communists were flaging the most outworn "bourgeois" tricks to recruit the young people into the Party.

Americans, especially young Americans, have always been willing to fight for lost causes. But this cause was not even in that category; it was not worth fighting for because it reduced to a sham the idealism and the hopes of a lost generation. So I resigned from the Communist Party.

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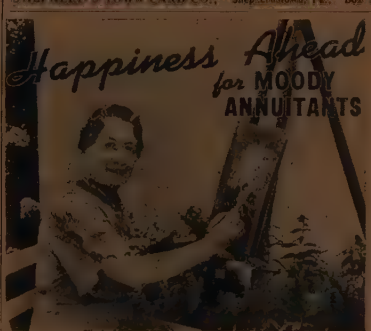

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING

FIFTY-TWO SERMONS FOR CHILDREN, by Daniel A. Poling (Harper & Brothers, $1.25.) I once overheard a trustee of my father's church say "I get more religion out of your little sermons than I do out of the big ones." That was a long time ago, but if the children's sermons my father preached were as good as those in this book I can easily understand what the trustee meant. These are not "ittie bittie" bedtime stories—they are full fledged stories which the children will love and the old folks will listen to as eagerly as the young folks. Each story has its lesson and its moral, but the morals are not labeled. Every *Christian Herald* reader who has to work with children from six to sixteen can profitably use this book. If you can't get it locally write to the publisher or to us. (Note: This review was written by Paul Maynard, without the knowledge of the Editor-in-Chief.)

Failure of a Mission, by Sir Nevile Henderson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $3.00). Concise, diplomatic and absorbing. The last sentence of the volume is significant of its character and style: "My mission to Berlin had terminated and the failure was complete." The rages of Hitler, the belated but determined efforts of the British government to keep the peace, intimate pictures of personalities which hold the fate of twentieth-century civilization somewhat in their hands, are all here. There is restraint but passion, and a timeliness that makes the book "required reading."

Jonathan Edwards, by Ola Elizabeth Winslow. (The Macmillan Company, $3.50). The finest biography yet written of the greatest theological mind of pre-revolutionary America. It would be difficult to conceive of a study more generous and at the same time more searching. Miss Winslow takes nothing away from the legendary impressiveness of the man but she does make him "decidedly better company." To know American foundations one must study this personality which is now presented as in no previous volume.

The Good Old Days, by David L. Cohn, with an introduction by Sinclair Lewis. (Simon and Schuster, $3.75). American history through half a century from Sears, Roebuck Catalogs—and what a romance history becomes. There is everything from Sunday School equipment and bridal bouquets to cocktail shakers, caskets and tombstones. Open it anywhere and begin to read. You are sure of something interesting. You may be shocked, comforted or insulted, but you will have few dull moments.

Stalin's Kampf, by Himself. Edited by M. R. Werner (Howell, Soskin & Company, $2.50). Here is Stalin's life—someone has said Stalin's "lie." Scarcely a page can be read without the feeling that the man whose words are quoted has his tongue in his cheek. Always one must remember that the first principle of Bolshevism as laid down by Lenin is that the end justifies the means. "Stalin's Kampf," vivid and challenging, must be read with reservations.

Clouds for Chariots, by Robert Caspar Lintner. (Fleming H. Revell Company, $1.00). Here are ten original and very interesting sermons. Bishop Francis J. McConnell who should know, judges them as "fine." I find them stimulating and suggestive.

Their Own Country, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, $2.50). The "great American novel" has not been written, nor will it be; but always there are great American novels. "Their Own Country" is one of these. Worthily it follows in the sequence of "Oil for the Lamps of China"—definitely it is a greater book. It is a dynamic, thrilling story just across the threshold of a greater America.

Wild Geese Calling, by Stewart Edward White. (Doubleday Doran, $2.75). Here is a tale of the last American pioneers. It opens out upon the Twentieth Century and is as heroic as a Norseman's saga. An unusually tender story too, with love in the old tradition but set in a south Alaskan wilderness.

The Faith of Morn, by Archer Wallace. (Round Table Press, $1.50). Here is at once comfort for the discouraged, inspiration for youth, and a deep mine for public speakers in the field of religion. The chapters are short and may be read profitably at morning devotions.

For the Healing of the Nations, by Henry P. Van Dusen. (Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.00). A fine and stirring book. A comprehensive survey of world missions from one who manifestly has been captured by what he has seen at first hand and experienced personally. There is not a commonplace or dull moment in the volume.

A Commentary on Exodus, by Herman J. Keyser. (Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan, $3.50). This volume proves that the believer in t Bible as the inspired word of God has reason either to doubt or apologize. a source book it is a theological library itself. In its field it is one of the m scholarly of recent commentaries. P ticularly it adds distinction to the libra of conservative theology.

On Medlock Farm, by Henry Tetlo (Wm. Morrow & Co., $2.50). Here something refreshing and fine in the mosphere of Grayson's "Adventures Contentment." It will comfort a lo summer evening, or a short one, for t matter, for its chapters are complete themselves. It would seem to us t some things are mixed in that scarc belong, as, for instance, the aroma liqueurs with the scent of musk at dawn. Nor do I agree with him battery egg production, and his story seeing the devil suggests a drink ev stronger than Philadelphia water.

Dream Within Her Hand, by Al Ross Colver and Helen Brant Birds (Macrae Smith Company, $2.75). A st of achievement in the life of a gr woman that will challenge every woman high endeavor. Here is a biography t is a loving chronicle of a pioneer car in the field of medicine. Dr. Corne Chase Brant was the first woman specia in X ray and light therapy. Although became Dean of the New York Medi College and Hospital for Women, kept her family and her interests fi A warm, glowing story of outstand achievement.

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How to Read A Book, by Mortimer Adler. (Simon and Schuster, $2.5 Here is a book about how to read a b that reads like a best seller—which it There are three sections: the first de with reading in relation to learning thinking; the second tells how and w to read—the formula is plain and c vincing; the third section deals with basic reasons for literacy; and the c clusion of the whole matter lists great books of all time.

Glory Spent, by Jean Woodman. (C rick & Evans, $2.50). Mormonism become a theme for writers as well a field for controversy. "Glory Spent" the story of a religious devotee w crossed a wide ocean and a continent wide in search of soul fulfillment. H is an elementary faith, but also in a generation the escape from its chains.

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STAMPS . . .

Tin Can Mail, Pitcairn, Etc

By Winthrop Adams

WE EXPECTED a few inquiries about the Tin Can Mail item in last month's *Herald,* but we didn't expect a flood. I think every Stamp Club member but one has written us about it—and he's out of town!

Further inquiry into the matter of the Tin Can Mail covers to be had from Tin Can Island (Niuafoou) reveals that the postmaster down there is swamped with orders he will need months to fill. (He has just 7,000 on hand, waiting for the next boat to come along. Boats at Niuafoou are few and far between.

If you want a cover from Tin Can Island, send your self-addressed return envelope to The Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, Ltd., Wellington, New Zealand, enclosing twelve cents (cash, not stamps) for each cover you want mailed back. These will be held by the company until the next boat sails for Niuafoou; that may be six months away, so don't be impatient!

The Pitcairn Island stamps have not yet reached the United States. Dealers cannot supply them for some weeks to come.

While we're at it, please remember that no replies can be made by letter from this Department unless return postage is enclosed. Questions asked without request for a personal answer will be answered in the Question Box.

Question Box

Question: (From 500-odd Stamp Clubbers): Tell me how to get a Tin Can Island cover, and how much to send. Answer: See first item in this column.

Q: Will the May 6th broadcast in connection with the stamp centennial be on a nation-wide broadcast? Ans. Sorry: thi has all been canceled. No talks at al U. S. hesitates to celebrate because firs stamp was British, and neutrality is i danger!

Q: Tell me where to get Super-I Mounts: Ans. Write Consolidated Stam Service, 131 Nassau Street, N.Y.C. Pack age of samples will be sent for 10c.

Q: Do you issue a list of crosses i stamps? Ans. This is included in ou Religion-in-stamps List, issued at 10c plu postage. Order through us.

Q: Where can I get a complete list o the Famous Americans stamps? An Write Philatelic Agency, Washingtor D. C.

Q: You make me sick, always talkin about German stamps. Are you a Naz boosting their war? Ans.: We are no interested in Germany or the Nazis, but i German stamps. Stamps are stamps wherever they come from. They ough to be a means of international contact an understanding, not labels of prejudice Sorry if we've offended you, but. . .

Q: I have a good collection of Norway but now Norway is no more. Shall I ge rid of them, or keep them? Ans. Fo heaven's sake, keep them. They are a the more valuable now since there is n Norway. Or is there?

Q: Do you advise specializing in souve nir sheets and semi-postals? They loo pretty. Ans. They are pretty, but the are largely a matter of speculation an pure profit for countries of issue. Watc for a big drop in the souvenir-sheet an semi-postal market. Dealers just haven gotten out of them the profit they wantec

Q: Why don't you tell us where to bu stamps? Ans. We have a rule against that in the column; it would mean dis criminating among dealers. But we wi send you a list of *Christian Herald* re liable dealers on request—*and three cent postage.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JUNE

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

JUNE 2

Testing Conduct by Its Usefulness

(A Principle of Temperate Living)

Ezek. 15:1-6; Matt. 5:13-16; 7:16-20; I Cor. 10:6,7

AS ONE reads over these four passages of Scripture it is plain that they have a common teaching, that the standard of measurement which God applies to anything is this: How useful is it? or, How well does it carry out its purpose?

1. *Of what use is a vine?* The figure of the vine is often used in the Bible. Jerusalem and Judah are several times compared to the cultivated vine, which has but one principal use—to bear grapes. This also is the New Testament emphasis in John 15. But here, in Ezekiel, man think the wild vine is meant, which ha still fewer uses, being counted as th most worthless of plants.

2. *When is salt useful?* Salt has tw well-known functions—to make food mor palatable, and to preserve it from corrup tion. Once it has lost these qualities it value has departed, and it is ready fo the discard. So the Christian can becom feeble and impotent in his efforts to rep resent the Saviour. What would caus the savor to depart from a Christian' life? It is the cessation of contact wit Christ, provided so amply through th means of grace, the lessening of devo tional practices, the fading out of en thusiasm for the church and good works and the contamination resulting from th admission of impurities.

3. *What sort of fruit?* (Matt. 7:16-20. In His warning against false prophet Jesus used the well-known natural fac that reproduction is always stable, no erratic. One expects to find grapes o

(Turn to page 60)

(Continued from page 35)

told we could get breakfast. Mother, who was a very trusting person, gave her purse to the porter and told him to go out and get us something to eat. He came back grinning, with two cups of coffee and two new rolls, and the purse! The train rumbled on across Spain. I cannot tell you much about the country, as I spent the day lying down with an attack of neuralgia. We arrived at the border town of Villa Formosa in the middle of the morning.

The train was now composed of our carriage and the engine, and at dusk, we finally arrived in the brilliantly lit and noisy station of Lisbon. We had reached one of our goals!

Next door to that station was a very nice hotel, where we had been recommended by the Pan American Airways to spend the night. When we got there we found that the hotel was crowded with people who had been waiting a week already for the Clipper to take off. It was then that we had our first feeling of foreboding.

We were given the last room in the hotel, which turned out to be a magnificent suite. We thought that this would never do, as by this time, we had only about seventy dollars left to get us across; but we decided that we could afford it for the one night.

The next morning we went down to the Pan American offices to get our instructions. They were extremely nice, but told us that we might be in for a long wait as the weather at the Azores was very bad and no planes had been able to take off for the past few days.

This proved to be the case. Every day we went down to the office, but each day we came back with the same news—no planes. By this time our financial state was very precarious, in fact we were in a state of bankruptcy. We did not dare to go to a cheaper hotel, for the country is very dirty and full of smallpox. Lisbon is a fine city, but it is a city of the past. The peasants walk through the streets, barefooted, carrying huge panniers of fruit, fish and vegetables on their heads. The buildings are handsome, but in a bad condition of repair. It is a city that makes you feel sad for all that it once was in the glorious past.

New Year's came, and it now began to be doubtful if the Clipper was ever coming. There were sixty of us waiting and thousands of pounds of mail lying there. The next day several of us went down to the Pan American and one of our company, more brave than the rest of us, got very cross and demanded that something should be done. By lunch time we had news that the Rex would call in for us on the sixth of January, if we would guarantee a certain number of passengers and a certain sum of money. The number of passengers was soon made up, but the money was a different matter. But that night we were told that a very rich man, one of the passengers, had come forward at the last moment; so now all we had to do was wait. Mother and I were very disappointed, that we were being done out of our glory, after we had gotten ourselves all bolstered up to fly; but were glad that at last we were going to go somewhere.

The sixth was a foggy, grey day. We went down to the wharf, and there lying in the middle of the Tagus was the *Rex*. What a lovely sight! We went on board and practically kissed the decks.

We set off for America!

But first we had to call at the Azores and pick up the twenty-four passengers who had been stranded there since the 22nd of December. We were lucky compared with them, for there had not been even a hotel for them to stay in. All they had were the Cable Company's barracks, and half the passengers were women. The weather was very rough at Horta, the capital of these islands, and the little tenders which brought them out, bobbed up and down and almost failed to make contact with the ship. All of us hung over the sides of the ship, cheering them, as one by one, they jumped aboard from the tiny boat to our great floating palace. . . .

At last, late on the afternoon of January 13th, we sighted our homeland, which it had taken us so long to reach. There were many refugees abroad the ship, and as we passed up the Hudson to our berth, the lights of New York welcomed us. We wondered what these beacons of liberty must mean to them after their trials in Europe. My mother seemed wistful as she watched this moving scene. I remember her saying, "Well, Penn, we are really here—at last we are here."

Our family was standing on the docks. They gave us an enthusiastic and thankful welcome, and we were truly home at last.

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Are any members of your household, officers or members of committees in the CHURCH? Yes ☐ No ☐

Officer or teacher in the SUNDAY SCHOOL? Yes ☐ No ☐

See reverse side

(Continued from page 58)

grapevines, apples on apple trees. To be useful, then, a tree must be of the right kind and nature, and bear good fruit.

4. *When is human conduct useful?* The two verses from I Corinthians (10:6,7) bring the sharpest illustration. Not vines, or trees, or salt, or lights, are in this statement, but men, and their points of conduct. The question to be asked on any proposed action is: How well does it contribute to my life as a follower of Christ, or to my fellow men? Does it build up character? Such things as the use of intoxicating liquor, or tobacco, or other narcotics will not stand up well under such a test.

JUNE 9

Ezekiel Teaches Personal Responsibility

EZEK. 33:1-20
(Printed lesson, Ezek. 33:7-16)

WHILE Jeremiah was kept in Jerusalem to continue his declaration of the truth in the troublous days of Judah, Ezekiel was among the first exiles carried off to Babylon. He had already been there eleven years when the siege and fall of Jerusalem took place.

Ezekiel was the prophet who, more than any other, proclaimed that everything rests on the individual. Up to Jerusalem's fall the nation and the family were units. "Now," said Ezekiel, "that is all past; from this time on every person is responsible for his own acts. God will no longer deal with men in the mass but as individuals."

The function of a prophet. The opening verses of chapter 33 give a simple illustration from life—the part of a watchman in time of war. He is a responsible officer, set apart to warn the people of a city of the approach of an enemy.

The duty of a prophet or, in our day, a preacher is to proclaim the way of life for the righteous and the way of death for the sinner. Any man can refuse to take the warning he gives. But when the word is given, the hearer must do something with it.

Several principles are set down in the lesson text as affecting man's possibility of salvation, even when the message is given. (1) God desires that all men shall live; that none shall fail to be saved. (2) The kingdom is composed of members who enter it individually. (3) The condition of entering on man's part is repentance. (4) Man can make his own course—he can do good or evil. He can change from righteousness to sin, and the sinner may turn from his evil and do righteousness.

An excellent paraphrase of verses 10-20 comes from *The Messages of the Later Prophets* (Sanders and Kent): "Do you despairingly conclude that a final destruction has been decreed against you because of your sins and that no effort of yours can avail! Not so, fellow Israelites; you misapprehend the divine purpose. Jehovah wishes that all should live, and ever holds forth the possibility of redemption. . . ."

JUNE 16

Haggai Urges the Building of God's House

HAGGAI 1 AND 2
(Printed Lesson, Haggai 1:2-12)

THREE prophets belong definitely t the period following the Exile; Haggai Zechariah, and Malachi. The first tw had a definite mission to fulfill—to en courage the people in Jerusalem to re sume their work of building the Temple and to carry it through to completion That seems a small task, but the fate o the Jewish people hung on it.

Haggai returned to Jerusalem fro Babylon with the first company of Jew under Zerubbabel. Upon their return, th Jews set up the altar of sacrifice an were at work on the foundations of th Temple when they were interrupted b their adversaries. These adversaries wer probably the Samaritans, a mixed rac with a mixed religion. It contained som idol worship associated with the worshi of the true God. When they came to th Jews and wished to be included in th building of the holy Temple, the leader wisely refused such cooperation. But th refusal cost them a price. The objector not only hampered them in their work but wrote a letter to the king of Babylo falsely saying that Jerusalem was a trou blesome city and that the walls of the cit were being rebuilt. As a result, the goo work was stopped and fifteen years wen by, during which the people lived com fortably but did not work at the tas

TEAR OR CUT ON THIS LINE

Please check ✓ any of the following owned by your household.

Your Home	☐	Electric Iron	☐
Other Real Estate	☐	Electric Lights	☐
Flower Garden	☐	Automatic Furnace Stoker	☐
Vegetable Garden	☐	Radio	☐
Electric Refrigerator	☐	Passenger Automobile	☐
Oil Refrigerator	☐	Another Passenger Auto	☐
Gas Refrigerator	☐	Auto Truck	☐
Electric Washing Machine	☐		
Electric Vacuum Cleaner	☐		

Please check ✓ any of the following items you plan to purchase in the next year.

New House	☐	Painting job	☐
Heating Plant	☐	Carpets	☐
Furnace Stoker	☐	Piano	☐
Electric or Gas Refrigerator	☐	New Automobile	☐
Radio	☐	Used Automobile	☐
Roof	☐	Electric or Gas Range	☐
Rugs	☐	New Battery for truck or auto	☐
New tires for truck or auto	☐		

These questions require a little more tha checking—thanks again for your trouble.

How many people in your household? _____

What weekly magazine do you read? _____

Approximate value of your home? _____

Make of your automobile? _____

Year Purchased? _____

Was it new ☐ or a used car? ☐ _____

Approximately how many miles do you drive per year? _____

What do you use for anti-freeze? _____

Did any members of your household take a pleasure trip last year—how far did they go?—round trip. _____

By what means of transportation? _____

What Town do you live in? _____

What County do you live in? _____

What State do you live in? _____

See reverse sid

which should have claimed them. "The time is not yet come," they said.

Then, in the year 520 B.C., Haggai, hitherto unknown as a prophet, could stand the delay no longer. When the members of the discouraged Judean community were gathered together on the Temple site, he began his appeal. The time was ripe, he said, for the king who had restrained them was gone; the new Darius might, and probably would, give them his blessing.

Meanwhile the work began, and the Temple foundation appeared. When faith grew weak, Haggai spoke again. Tactfully he recalled the former Temple (2:3) and then declared Jehovah's ability to do even a greater work now. This enthusiasm and encouragement won the day, and the Temple went ahead to completion.

JUNE 23

Malachi Demands Honesty Toward God

MALACHI, CHAPTERS 1-4
(Printed Lesson, Mal. 3:7-18)

SO LITTLE is known about the prophet Malachi that we are forced to look to the words of the prophecy itself to find the basis for its time and the circumstances under which it was written. While there cannot be certainty about the prophet's date, there is agreement that he is entitled to be called "the last of the prophets."

The conditions against which Malachi lifted his voice can certainly be placed about the time of Ezra and Nehemiah. The restored Temple was dedicated 516 B.C., and there had already passed enough time to allow for grave injustices in temple worship. The intermarriage of Jews and foreigners, so decried by Malachi, was the chief problem when Ezra arrived at Jerusalem (458 B.C.) and when Nehemiah began his reforms (about 444 B.C.).

There was one question which was on many lips in Malachi's day: "Does it pay to serve Jehovah?" The prophet seeks to give it answer. His unsparing recital of the sins of priests and people demands a purity of Jehovah worship—and that will pay! Formal, insincere service is a mockery to Him, but He delights in reality!

A much-quoted passage, and the one which is the basis for this lesson-theme is that relating to tithes and offerings (8-12).

It is not easy to keep up payments to the work of the church and the Kingdom when the going is slow. It is a common experience that when receipts decrease, or expenses increase with no corresponding increase of income, "the first thing to suffer is the cause of religion. But here is something to contemplate: Why should God's cause be made to suffer from nonsupport when other things go on as usual?

Verses 14 and 15 describe a commercial type of piety, not unknown in our day. If God receives the gifts and the worship of His people, He should make liberal returns in prosperity and power. If this is not true, why should anyone worship Him?

JUNE 30

Jonah: the Outreach of God's Love

JONAH, CHAPTERS 3 AND 4
(Printed Lesson, Jonah 3:1-10; 4:10, 11)

WHEN one approaches the book of Jonah only as a record of historical events, one is sure to have difficulties. No portion of the Bible has been so much a battleground. When was it written, and by whom, and for what purpose? Is it an actual account of happenings, or is it a skillful use of parable to teach one or more great truths?

The value of the book does not depend on positive answers to such questions. For example, it is far better to grasp the outreach of God's love for sinners (the lesson's theme) than to decide whether a great fish could swallow a man and disgorge him alive after three days.

Jonah a Symbol of Israel. Those who place a parabolic meaning to the story find in the call of Jonah to Nineveh the long-time urge of God to carry salvation to the heathen. Jonah in his resistance is selfish, rebellious Israel. The storm with its dangers, and the actions of the sailors in throwing sinful Jonah overboard represent the merited punishments that are due to Israel.

Jonah a Symbol for Every Man. How vivid are such lessons as these: (1) No human being can eventually frustrate the purposes of God. (2) God controls the forces of nature, and uses them for His ends.

(Continued from page 53)

one to live a robust ethical life. *The church-related college does really stand as a custodian of something significant in American and world life."*

President Marts, of famous Bucknell, believes that the important differentiation is basically in the motives of the two types of education. The one (non-Church college) "aims to educate the mind, to create intelligent and capable citizens. The other (Christian) type aims at the equal stimulus and training of the moral and religious phase of the individual's personality, in the hope that he will not only be an intelligent and capable citizen, but that he will devote his intelligence to the service of his fellowmen and his God."

President Willfred Mauck of Hillsdale College (Michigan) writes: "I believe that church-related colleges, on the whole, are leaders in the movement toward emphasis on the development of the character, mind and potentialities of the *individual*, and upon the importance of the individual before all other considerations."

Dr. Wilfred E. Powell, Professor of Religious Education, speaks for Phillips University (Enid, Oklahoma). He holds that: "Christian education is distinguished from other types of education by the character of the faculty. A statement of our founders declared that it should forever be the policy of this school to employ only Christian men and women as teachers. It is distinguished, too, by the character of its curriculum. Courses are offered (at Phillips) in the Bible, the Christian religion and church work."

We think the Presidents make out a good case for the continued large support of the church-related college. The loss of such institutions would be a sorry blow to the continuance of a free and democratic America.

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When your child BITES HIS NAILS

It may be a Danger Sign!

It isn't always "nerves" that makes a child bite his nails. Often it's because of an entirely different reason . . . a reason few mothers suspect — WORMS!

If, along with nail-biting, there are signs of an uneasy stomach, finicky appetite, fidgeting and restless sleep . . . *take heed!* For these may be the symptoms of *round worms;* a nasty infection that can cause your child real distress.

JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE is known throughout America for its ability to expel large round worms. Yet it acts very gently and does not upset the digestive system. JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE does not contain santonin.

So, if you even *suspect* your child has round worms, get JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE at once. If there are no worms JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE acts merely as a mild laxative.

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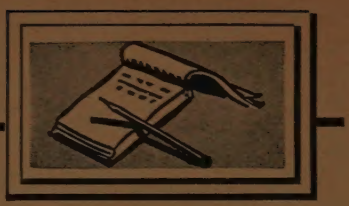

EDITED BY

Paul Maynard

Honoré Morrow

West Haven, Conn.

Dear "Christian Herald" Editor:

Every month I have eagerly turned to Mrs. Morrow's page, and have read it as a letter from a friend whom I held in respect and admiration. It was with deep regret that I learned through the local papers of her death here in New Haven. We will miss her greatly in the *Christian Herald* of the future.

Often I felt moved to write to express my appreciation of her "Pilgrims' Progress," but put it off until too late. I would therefore like to pay this belated tribute of respect through *Christian Herald* which made it possible for us to enjoy her writings for so long.

Sincerely yours,
Jane Boyd

We take this opportunity to acknowledge the many beautiful letters we have received expressing deep regret over the passing of Honoré Morrow. All these letters will be presented to her family.

Preceded Dr. Trudeau

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor:

In the last issue of the *Readers Digest*, I read a very interesting article, by Charles V. Murphy, under the title, "Conqueror of the White Plague." (a reprint of "Dr. Trudeau" in *Christian Herald* for February).

At the left hand corner on the first page was the following caption. "The beloved physician who invented fresh air as a cure for tuberculosis."

I am sure that such an estimable paper as the *Christian Herald* will not object to my pointing out that this caption is not correct. I say this without in any way detracting from the very able article on Edward Livingstone Trudeau—the American who carried on the great tradition, and all honor to his name.

In Logan Glendening's book, "Behind the Doctor," you will find mentioned on page 302, my grandfather, George Bodington, who really was the pioneer in the fresh air treatment for consumption. The chapter is too long to quote here, but it gives dates, etc. I also have a book with an obituary notice from the *Lancet*, of March 11th, 1882, telling of his first essay on pulmonary consumption in the year 1845. Please understand that I have no quarrel whatsoever with the article previously mentioned, and as I may say again all honor to the American who carried on the good work. Knowing how my grandfather was ridiculed for his ideas before his death—as most doctors are who are unfortunate enough to be ahead of their time—I do feel he deserves the credit.

May I add that my grandfather was mentioned in George Bernard Shaw's play, "The Doctor's Dilemma."

I am sure you will understand the spirit in which I have written this letter.

Maurice Bodington

Even though the caption mentioned did not appear in *Christian Herald*, we believe our readers will be interested in Mr. Bodington's letter.

'Twas the Artist's Mistake

Hartford, Conn.

Dear Editor:

In your May issue there appears in connection with the Country Preacher story a map of the Connecticut countryside. In one corner is the sketch of a little church called "Epihany."

Is this some new and strange sect worshiping in the Connecticut valley or an obscure Indian tribe? I was all ready to pounce on you for an error, but I couldn't be quite sure.

G. W. T.

You'll get us yet, G. W. T., but you'd better wait for bigger game than this one. Our artist, who is a Republican, probably never heard of "Epiphany."

A Highly Successful Article

Dickinson, North Dak.

Dear Editor:

I was very much interested in the article which appeared in the April issue of the *Christian Herald* entitled, "Churches Must Be Beautiful." Since we are anticipating building a new church here in Dickinson, I am of the opinion that this article should be read by our church people. I would therefore like to know what charge would be made for 100 copies for the April issue of the *Christian Herald*.

Rev. A. A. Niederhalman

The April issue is exhausted, but if any more of our readers would like reprints of the article we will be glad to furnish them.

Ed.

Read This First

South Bend, Ind.

Dear Editor:

When I took your paper twenty years ago, it was a Christian Magazine. I would not say it is now.

We were surprised and shocked that you would print in your magazine the story of Twenty Years a Country Preacher.

We decided we did not want any more *Christian Herald* in this house until you changed to better reading material.

John W. Warner

Twenty years ago—"The Good Old Days!" Why do they always look so free from today's faults?

Then Read This!

Wichita Falls, Texas

Dear Editor:

If I were to be exiled, and could have only one printed thing sent to me I should not even hesitate to decide on *Christian Herald*.

I would from this one publication have:
Choice passages from the Bible, with the best comments;
The same S. S. lesson studied by Christians of all denominations;
The finest sermons from the greatest preachers of the nation;
I'd have the condensed news of the world;
I'd know how to invest money to help myself and others at the same time;
I'd know where my gifts would reach the most people most effectively;
I'd even find a page to touch my funny bone!;
I'd have recipes and household suggestions;
I'd find garden facts and fancies and even know where to order my flower seeds;
I'd have education and inspiration in splendid biographies and articles;
I'd find letters from folks who liked the same things I do; and *don't;*
I'd know where and when to get the best radio programs;
I could do rockingchair traveling; have clean, fine fiction; revel in beautiful poetry, and last but not least I would find in every issue (between real art pictures and dependable advertising, and all the other above features) heart throbs . . . the innermost beauties of hearts laid open to quicken my own Christian efforts.

Roberta Akin Fletcher

To say nothing of Book Reviews and Stamps!

LET'S HAVE OUR OWN STRAW VOTE!

We believe all *Christian Herald* readers will be interested to know how the others would vote. On Pages 13, 14, 15 of this issue you will find thumb nail sketches of the leading candidates.

After reading this, write your choices on this ballot and send it to us—or if you prefer not to cut your magazine, send your choices on a postal card. Early returns will be published in the July issue and finals in August.

Address Straw Vote—c/o Christian Herald, 419-4th Avenue, N. Y.

1st choice .....

2nd choice .....

3rd choice .....

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(Continued from page 44)

If we would commune with God, there must be both seeking and seclusion.

Give us grace to draw near to Thee aright, with reverence and faith, that Thou mayest reach our souls.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

READ MATTHEW 7:1-8.

IN THE industrial plants, the public service and telephone companies, there are men, known as "trouble shooters." Their work is to find where there are faults in the apparatus. So their task is to look for trouble. Most of us can find it without looking. We can see people's faults. Yet suppose, just for today, we ignore the worst in them, and look for the best? Is not that what our Lord did?

O Saviour, who didst ever see the best in man, help us to follow Thine example.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

READ I CORINTHIANS 12:12-27.

SOMETIMES there is sense even in silly things. For example, that conversation between the two blades of a pair of scissors. They could not bear being held together by that officious screw. They could do twice as much work if only they were free to take their own way. Then the screw removed, they made a discovery. They could not cut anything.

We are members one of another. In Christ, union is strength.

Divine Master, help us to realize that as we cannot do without Thee, Thou canst not do without us. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29

READ PSALM 8

HAVE we lost our sense of wonder? The glories of the summer earth, the splendor of the midnight skies, the miracle of the world's renewal—are these still a source of wonder? The marvelous love of God, the condescension of Christ, His unique sacrifice upon the cross—does the wonder of that love kindle a warm response, expressed in the life?

God of all grace, grant us ever appreciative hearts. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30

READ PSALM 90

BEDE, the famous scholar, was nearing the end of life. Translating John's Gospel he was working against time. "There remaineth but one chapter more," said the youth to whom he was dictating. So they worked until the dawn. "It is finished, Master," cried the youth, exultantly. "Yea," replied Bede. "Now lift me up. Place me by the window where so oft I have prayed, and let me praise God." He passed, that hour, into the eternal presence. Are we working at God's task? Half the year has gone.

Give us, O Lord, to do our utmost to make every day tell for Thee. Amen.

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Vol. 63 JUNE, 1940 No. 6

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By Honoré Morrow

Immortality
By Charles M. Sheldon

Scandinavia
By Nancy Richey Ransom

Port in a Storm
By Richard Maxwell

Also Margaret Sangster, Clarence Hall, George B. Gilbert, Oscar F. Blackwelder

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

Took Him at His Word

He—"You look sweet enough to eat."
She—"I do eat. Where shall we go?"

—Exchange.

And Not Green

Asked the meaning of the term, "dressed lumber," a western Kansas editor replied —"Charlie McCarthy."

—Exchange.

Lightning Worker

"My wife can drive nails like lightning."
"Really?"
"Yes, she never strikes twice in the same place."

—Stray Stories.

Sad But True

"Willie, what is an adult?"
"An adult is one that has stopped growing except in the middle."

—Exchange.

Appreciative Parent

Lover (eloping with his adored)—How much is the fare?
Taxi Driver—That's all right, sir. The young lady's father has settled all that.

—Exchange.

Weather Report

Judge (in traffic court)—"I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another day I'll send you to jail."
Driver—"That is exactly what I predicted."
Judge—"What do you mean?"
Driver—"Fine today—cooler tomorrow."

—Bulletin.

Sociable

A young Scottish recruit was put on sentry-go outside the general's tent. In the morning the general rose, looked out of his tent, and said in a stern and loud voice: "Who are you?"
"Fine, sir!" beamed Sandy. "Hoo're yourse'?"

—Montreal Star.

Kept His Promise

"Well, doc, you sure kept your promise when you said you'd have me walking again in a month."
"Well, well, that's fine,"
"Yes, I had to sell my car when I got your bill."

—Bulletin.

Outside His Jurisdiction

A saucy damsel was speeding through traffic. She soon found herself stopped by an officer of the law.
"Look here," growled the cop; "where's the fire?"
"What are you worrying about?" she countered. "You're no fireman!"

—Exchange.

All Out!

Grandma Jackson and her young grandson were riding on a train. Grandma had dozed and suddenly she sat up. "What was the station the conductor called?" she asked the boy.
"He didn't announce any station; he just put his head in the door and sneezed."
"Get the bundles together quickly," said Grandma. "This is Oshkosh."

—Exchange.

No One Had Blundered, Either

The managing director of the gas company was making a stirring address.
"Think of the good the gas company has done," he said. "If I were permitted a pun, I should say, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'"
And a customer immediately shouted, "Oh, what a charge they made!"

—Exchange.

The A-M-P—Again

The much preoccupied professor walked into the barber shop and sat in a chair next to a woman who was having her hair bobbed.
"Haircut, please," ordered the professor.
"Certainly," said the barber. "But would you mind taking off your hat first?"
The customer hurriedly removed his hat. "I'm sorry," he apologized as he looked around; "I didn't know there was a lady present!"

—Exchange.

Now Somebody Else Tell One

Jones was talking to some friends of a fishing trip he was contemplating on his holiday.
"Are there any trout up there?" questioned one of the friends.
"Trout? Thousands of 'em," replied the other enthusiastically.
"Will they bite easily?"
"Will they?" reiterated Jones. "Why they're absolutely vicious! A man has to hide behind a tree to bait his hook."

—Exchange.